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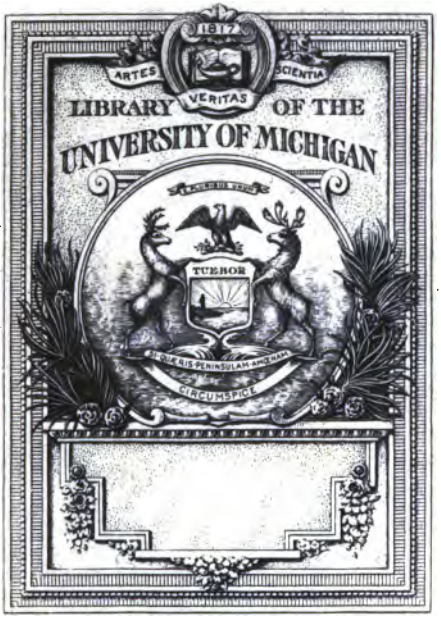
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THE

WORKS

OF

DAVID MALLET Esq;

VOL. I.

THE

WORKS

OF

DAVID MALLET Esq;

IN THREE VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION corrected.

LONDON:

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TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

WILLIAM

LORD MANSFIELD,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

OF

ENGLAND.

January 1. 1759.

NO man, in antient *Rome*, my Lord, would have been ſurprized, I believe, to ſee a poet inſcribe his works, either to CICERO, or the younger PLINY; not

not to mention any more among her moſt celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magiſtrates of the firſt diſtinction, and had applied themſelves ſeverely to the ſtudy of the laws; in which both eminently excelled. They were, at the ſame time, illuſtrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the ſervice of their clients and their country. But, as they had both embelliſhed their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has ſpred, we ſee, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions; no ſpecies of polite literature could be foreign to their taſte or patronage. And, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the beſt poets their reſpective ages produced.

IT is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviouſly to every eye, that I am induced to place your name at the head of this collection, ſuch as it is, of the different things I have written in verſe and proſe.

Nec Phoebo gratior ulla
Quam ſibi quae VARI *praeſcripſit pagina nomen.*

And were I as ſure, my Lord, that it is deſerving of your regard, as I am that *theſe verſes* were not applied with more propriety at firſt than they are now; the public would univerſally juſtify my ambition in preſenting it to you. But, of that, the public only muſt and will judge, in the laſt appeal. There is but one thing, to beſpeak their favor and your friendſhip,

that I dare be poſitive in: without which, you are the laſt perſon in *Britain* to whom I ſhould have thought of addreſſing it. And this any man may affirm of himſelf, without vanity; becauſe it is equally in every man's power. Of all that I have written, on any occaſion, there is not a line, which I am afraid to own, either as an honeſt man, a good ſubject, or a true lover of my country.

I HAVE thus, my Lord, dedicated ſome few moments, the firſt day of this new year, to ſend you, according to good old cuſtom, a preſent. An humble one, I confeſs it is; and that can have little other value but what ariſes from the diſpoſition of the ſender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable;

ceptable: for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effuſion of thoſe ſentiments, which great merit, employed to the beſt purpoſes, naturally creates.

MAY you enjoy, my Lord, thro the whole courſe of this and many more years, that ſound health of mind and body, which your important labors for the public ſo much want, and ſo juſtly merit! And may you ſoon have the ſatisfaction to ſee, what I know you ſo ardently wiſh, this deſtructive war, however neceſſary on our part, concluded by a ſafe and laſting peace! Then, and not till then, all the nobler arts, no leſs uſeful than ornamental to human life, and that now languiſh, may again floriſh, under the eye and encouragement

ragement of thoſe few, who think and feel as you do, for the advantage and honor of *Great Britain.* I am, with the ſincereſt attachment,

My Lord,

Your moſt faithful

humble ſervant.

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WILLIAM

AND

MARGARET.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

'TWAS at the ſilent, ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided MARGARET's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at WILLIAM's feet.

II.

Her face was like an *April*-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lilly-hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

III.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

V.

But *Love* had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

Awake! *ſhe* cry'd, thy *True Love* calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy *Pity* hear the maid,
Thy *Love* refus'd to ſave.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
When yauning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

VIII. Be-

VIII.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

X.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

XI.

Why did you ſay, my lip my ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

XII.

That face, alas! no more is fair;
Thoſe lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry *worm* my *ſiſter* is;
This *winding ſheet* I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our *night*,
Till that *laſt morn* appear.

XIV.

But hark! the *cock* has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, ſee, falſe *man*, how low *ſhe* lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark ſung loud; the morning ſmil'd,
With beams of roſy red:
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

XVI. He

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where MARGARET's body lay:
And ſtretch'd him on the graſs-green turf,
That wrap'd her breathleſs clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more!

N. B. In a comedy of FLETCHER, called *The Knight of the burning peſtle*, old MERRY-THOUGHT enters repeating the following verſes:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In came MARGARET's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at WILLIAM's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of ſome ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. Theſe lines, naked of ornament and ſimple as they are, ſtruck my fancy: and, bringing freſh into my mind an unhappy *adventure*, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago.

IDEM POEMA

Latinè Redditum

Per D. VINCENTIUM BOURNE.

THYRSIS ET CHLOE.

I.

OMNIA nox tenebris, tacitâque involverat umbrâ,
Et feſſos homines vinxerat alta quies;
Cùm valvae patuere, & paſſu illapſa ſilenti,
Thryſidis ad lectum ſtabat imago Chloes.

II.

Vultus erat, qualis lachrymoſi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies;
Quâque ſepulchralem à pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque manus.

III.

Cúmque dies aberunt molles, & laeta juventus,
Gloria pallebit ſic, Cypariſſi, tua:
Cúm mors decutiet capiti diademata, regum
Hâc erit in trabeâ conſpiciendus honos.

IV. Forma

IV.

Forma fuit, dum forma fuit, naſcentis ad inſtar
Floris, cui cano gemmula rore tumet;
Et veneres riſere, & ſubrubuere labella,
Subrubet ut teneris purpura prima roſis.

V.

Sed lenta exedit tabes mollemque rúborem,
Et faciles riſus, & juvenile decus:
Et roſa paulatim languens, nudata reliquit
Oſcula; praeripuit mors properata Chloen.

VI.

Excute Te ſomnis! nocturno egreſſa ſepulchro,
Evocat infidum Thyrſida fida Chloe.
Tandem o! nunc tandem miſerere, audique puellam,
Cui tuus invidit vivere durus amor.

VII.

Hae tenebrae querulos manes, hæc elicit hora,
Ut tumulis referent humida clauſtra ſúis;
Spectraque diſcurrunt, perjuri terror amantis,
Ut trepidum infeſtent exagitentque reum.

VIII.

Thyrsi, tuum crimen, solenne recollige foedus,
Et revoca laesos in tua vota deos:
Virgineamque fidem, juratáque verba remitte;
Et mea redde mihi vota, resume tua.

IX.

Promisso quianam, nimis ah! promissor, amore,
Polliciti poteras immemor esse tui?
Laudatis quianam, nimis ah! laudator, ocellis
Extingui multo passus es imbre faces?

X.

In quâ defixus toties haerere solebas,
Quî faciem poteras destituisse meam?
Quî tenerum, & rerum ignarum mihi vincere pectus,
Victumque indignis discruciare modis?

XI.

Dicere cur poteras, labium tibi suave rubescit,
Et facit, ut cedat purpura pallidior?
Dicere cur poteras? & ego, rudis, inscia virgo,
Cur blandum adjuvi credulitate dolum?

XII.

Nulla mihi, heu! floret facies, quae floruit: ecce!
Quae rubuere, mihi nulla labella rubent.
Mors, obſignatos tenebris, mihi clauſit ocellos;
Gratia deſertae nec ſuper una genae eſt.

XIII.

Germanus mihi vermis edax depaſcitur artus
Cognatos; nec adhuc eſt ſatiata fames:
Et gelidae & longae reſtant mihi taedia noctis,
Dum noctem excipiat longa, ſuprema dies.

XIV.

Sed cantu, audiſtin'? monuit me gallus abire:
Thyrſi, vale; longùm, perfide Thyrſi, vale.
Viſe tamen, tumulo quàm ſit defoſſa profundo,
Quae miſerum urgebat funus amore tuî.

XV.

Jam volucres cecinere, & feſtinavit ab ortu,
Purpureo riſu, ſol aperire diem;
Pallidus obſtupuit Thyrſis, tremuluſque cubili,
Ah tremor! ah pallor conſcius! exiliit.

XVI.

Fatalem ad tumulum cursu contendit anhelus,
Quò jacuit gelidâ morte soluta Chloe;
Cespiteque in viridi, qui subtùs flebile texit
Corpus, se moestum projiciebat onus.

XVII.

Terque Chloen gemitu gemuit, ter voce vocavit,
Et bibulam lachrymis ter madefecit humum;
Nudaque telluri nudae dans oscula, nunquam
Aut vocem lachrymis addidit, aut gemitum.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH,

ON

Mr. ALKMAN, and his only Son: who were both interred in the ſame Grave.

DEAR to the wiſe and good, diſprais'd by none,
Here ſleep in peace the father and the ſon.
By virtue, as by nature, cloſe ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to ſhine,
Honor's clear light, and friendſhip's warmth divine.
The ſon, fair-riſing, knew too ſhort a date;
But Oh, how more ſevere the parent's fate!
He ſaw him torn, untimely, from his ſide,
Felt all a father's anguiſh, wept, and dy'd!

EPITAPH,

EPITAPH,

ON A

YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave tho no proud ſtructures grace,
Yet *Truth* and *Goodneſs* ſanctify the place:
Yet blameleſs *Virtue*, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented Maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O ſcap'd from life! O ſafe on that calm ſhore,
Where ſin, and pain, and paſſion are no more!
What never *Wealth* could buy, nor *Power* decree,
Regard and pity, wait ſincere on Thee:
Lo! ſoft *Remembrance* drops a pious tear;
And holy *Friendſhip* ſtands a mourner here.

SONG

SONG.

To a SCOTCH TUNE.

The Birks of Endermay.

I.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing:
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, AMANDA, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flys;
And, in ſoft raptures, waſte the day,
Among the ſhades of ENDERMAY.

II.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At *this*, thy living bloom muſt fade;
As *that* will ſtrip the verdant ſhade.
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er;
The feather'd ſongſters love no more:
And when *they* droop, and *we* decay,
Adieu the ſhades of ENDERMAY!

OF

VERBAL CRITICISM:

Advertiſement to the firſt and ſecond editions.

AS the deſign of the following poem is to rally the abuſe of *Verbal Criticiſm*, the author could not, without manifeſt partiality, overlook the *Editor* of MILTON, and the *Reſtorer* of SHAKESPEAR. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample *Specimens* with which that *Scholiaſt* has already obliged the Public: and of *theſe*, and *theſe only*, he pretends to give his opinion. But whatever he may think of the Critic, not bearing the leaſt ill-will to the Man, he deferred printing theſe verſes, tho written ſeveral months ago, till he heard that the Subſcription for a *new edition* of SHAKESPEAR was cloſed.

He begs leave to add likewiſe, that this poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the Gentleman to whom it is addreſſed. Only as it is a public teſtimony of his inviolable eſteem for Mr. POPE, on that account, particularly, he wiſhes, it may not be judged to increaſe the number of mean performances, with which the Town is almoſt daily peſtered.

OF

VERBAL CRITICISM.

AMONG the numerous Fools, by fate deſign'd
Oft to diſturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The *Reading Coxcomb* is of ſpecial note,
By rule a Poet, and a Judge by rote:
Grave Son of idle Induſtry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books miſguide.

O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rareſt ſcience where ſo few excel;
Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcan'd, tranſcends thy lays,
For wit ſupreme is but thy ſecond praiſe:
'Tis thine, O POPE, who chuſe the better part,
To tell how falſe, how vain the *Scholiaſt*'s Art,
Which nor to taſte, nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common ſenſe.

In error obſtinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, poſitive, and proud;

Deep

Deep in the darkneſs of dull authors bred,
With all their refuſe lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth ſteps at laſt the ſelf-applauding *Wight*,
Of points and letters, chaff and ſtraws, to write:
Sagely reſolv'd to ſwell each bulky piece
With venerable toys, from *Rome* and *Greece*;
How oft, in HOMER, PARIS curl'd his hair;
If ARISTOTLE's Cap were round or ſquare;
If in the cave, where DIDO firſt was ſped,
To *Tyre* ſhe turn'd her heels, to *Troy* her head.

Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That ſtore a BENTLEY's and a BURMAN's brain:
Hence, PLATO quoted, or the *Stagyrite*,
To prove that flame aſcends, and ſnow is white:
Hence, much hard ſtudy without ſenſe or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If SHAKESPEAR ſays, the noon-day ſun is bright,
His *Scholiaſt* will *remark*, it then was light;
Turn CAXTON, WINKIN, each old *Goth* and *Hun*,
To rectify the reading of a *pun*.

Thus

Thus, nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—— to be a fool!

But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great SHAKESPEAR's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to reſtore,
Meets he ſuch ſlight regard in nameleſs lays,
Whom BUFO treats, and Lady WOUD-BE pays?

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who firſt created, and yet rules, the ſtage,
Bold to deſign, all-powerful to expreſs,
SHAKESPEAR each paſſion drew in every dreſs:
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, nature was his own.
Yet is his ſenſe debas'd by groſs allay:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward flight he takes;
The big ſtage thunders, and the ſoul awakes:
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad HAMLET quibbles, and the hearer ſleeps.

Such

Such was the Poet: next the Scholiaſt view;
Faint tho the coloring, yet the features true.

Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren ſoil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low induſtry, goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none:
His brother book-worm ſo, in ſhelf or ſtall,
Will feed alike on WOOLSTON and on PAUL.
By living clients hopeleſs now of bread,
He *petty fogs* a ſcrap from authors dead:
See him on SHAKESPEAR pore, intent to ſteal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third day meal.
Such that grave *Bird* in northern ſeas is found,
Whoſe name a *Dutchman* only knows to ſound.
Where-e'er the King of fiſh moves on before,
This humble friend attends from ſhore to ſhore:
With eye ſtill earneſt, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind;
With thoſe choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful TIBBALD of a whale.

Bleſt

V. 78. This remarkable bird is called the *Strundt-Jager*. Here you ſee how he purchaſes his *Food:* And the ſame author, from whom

Bleſt Genius! who beſtows his oil and pains
On each dull paſſage, each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful, as the taſk more low:
So Carrion is the quarry of a Crow.
Where his fam'd Author's page is flat and poor,
There, moſt exact the reading to reſtore;
By dint of plodding, and by ſweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace:
Whate'er is refuſe critically gleaning,
And mending nonſenſe into doubtful meaning.
For this, dread *Dennis* (* and who can forbear,
Dunce or not dunce, relating it, to ſtare?)
His head tho jealous, and his years fourſcore,
Even *Dennis* praiſes, who ne'er prais'd before!

For

whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his *Drink*. You may ſee him, adds the *Dutchman*, frequently Purſuing a ſort of ſea-mew called *Kutge-Gebef*, whom he torments inceſſantly to make him void an excrement; which being liquid, ſerves him, I imagine, for *drink*. See *a collection of Voyages to the North*.

V. 89. ——— * *Quis tal'a fando*
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c. ——— Virg.

V. 92. See the dedication of his remarks on the *Dunciad* to Mr. *Lewis Theobald*.

For this, the Scholiaſt claims his ſhare of fame,
And, modeſt, prints his own with SHAKESPEAR'S name:
How juſtly, POPE, in this ſhort ſtory view;
Which may be dull, and therefore ſhould be true.

A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
Who ſenſe with ſound, and truth with rhetoric mixt,
Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
Inſpir'd himſelf, his happy hearers charm'd.
The ſermon o'er, the croud remain'd behind,
And freely, man or woman, ſpoke their mind:
All ſaid they lik'd the lecture from their ſoul,
And each, remembring ſomething, prais'd the whole.
At laſt an honeſt Sexton join'd the throng;
(For as the theme was large, their talk was long)
Neighbours, he cry'd, my conſcience bids me tell,
Tho 'twas the Doctor preach'd,—I toll'd the bell.

In this the Critic's folly moſt is ſhown:
Is there a Genius all-unlike his own,
With learning elegant, with wit well bred,
And, as in books, in men and manners red;
Himſelf with poring erudition blind,
Unknowing, as unknown, of human kind;

That

That Writer he ſelects, with aukward aim
His ſenſe, at once, to mimic and to maim.
So FLORIO is a fop, with half a noſe:
So fat Weſt Indian Planters dreſs at Beaus.
Thus, gay PETRONIUS was a *Dutchman*'s choice,
And HORACE, ſtrange to ſay, tun'd BENTLEY's voice.

HORACE, whom all the *Graces* taught to pleaſe,
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with eaſe;
His genius ſocial, as his judgment clear,
When frolic, prudent, ſmiling when ſevere;
Secure, each temper, and each taſte to hit,
His was the curious happineſs of wit.
Skill'd in that nobleſt Science, *how to live*;
Which learning *may* direct, but heaven *muſt* give:
Grave with AGRIPPA, with MAECENAS gay;
Among the Fair, but juſt as wiſe as they:
Firſt in the friendſhips of the Great enroll'd,
The ST. JOHNS, BOYLES, and LYTTELTONS, of old.

While BENTLEY, long to wrangling ſchools confin'd,
And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
Dares, in the fulneſs of the pedant's pride,
Rhyme, tho no genius; tho no judge, decide.

Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor TIBBALD, tops his part:
Holds high the ſcourge o'er each fam'd author's head;
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead.
To MILTON lending ſenſe, to HORACE wit,
He makes them write what never Poet writ:
The *Roman Muſe* arraigns his mangling pen;
And *Paradiſe*, by him, is *loſt* agen.
Such was his doom impos'd by heaven's decree,
With ears that hear not, eyes that ſhall not ſee,
The low to ſwell, to level the ſublime,
To blaſt all beauty, and beproſe all rhyme.
Great eldeſt born of Dulneſs, blind and bold!
Tyrant! more cruel than PROCRUSTES old;
Who, to his iron bed, by torture, fits,
Their nobler part, the ſouls of ſuffering Wits.

Such

V. 144. This ſagacious Scholiaſt is pleaſed to create an imaginary Editor of MILTON; who, he ſays, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, loſt *Paradiſe* a ſecond time. This is a *poſtulatum* which ſurely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; becauſe otherwiſe he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling MILTON himſelf, in the perſon of this phantom, fool, ignorant, ideot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully beſtows on him. But, tho he had no taſte in poetry, he was otherwiſe a man of very conſiderable abilities and of great erudition.

Such is the Man, who heaps his head with bays,
And calls on human kind to ſound his praiſe,
For points tranſplac'd with curious want of ſkill,
For flatten'd ſounds, and ſenſe amended ill.
So wiſe CALIGULA, in days of yore,
His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the ſhore,
Swore he had rifled ocean's richeſt ſpoils,
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.

Yet be his merits, with his faults, confeſt:
Fair-dealing, as the plaineſt, is the beſt.
Long lay the *Critic*'s work, with trifles ſtor'd,
Admir'd in *Latin*, but in *Greek* ador'd.
Men, ſo well red, who confidently wrote,
Their readers could have ſworn, were men of note:
To paſs upon the croud for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them ſtare.
For theſe blind votaries good BENTLEY griev'd,
Writ *Engliſh* notes—and mankind undeceiv'd:
In ſuch clear light the ſerious folly plac'd,
Even thou, BROWN WILLIS, thou may'ſt ſee the jeſt.

But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to diſcovery blind?

Let COOKE, a Brother-Scholiaſt SHAKESPEAR call,
TIBBALD, to HESIOD-COOKE returns the ball.
So runs the circle ſtill: in this, we ſee
The *lackies* of the Great, and Learn'd agree.
If *Britain*'s nobles mix in high debate,
Whence *Europe*, in ſuſpenſe, attends her fate;
In mimic ſeſſion their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet:
And, rivaling the critic's lofty ſtile,
Mere TOM and DICK are STANHOPE and ARGYLL.

Yet thoſe, whom pride and dulneſs join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow ſpace confin'd,
Tho with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits, as ſcavengers to ſtreets:
The humble black-guards of a POPE or GAY,
To bruſh off duſt, and wipe their ſpots away.

Or if not trivial, harmful is their art;
Fume to the head, or poiſon to the heart.
Where antient Authors hint at things obſcene,
The Scholiaſt ſpeaks out broadly what they mean.
Diſcloſing each dark vice, well-loſt to fame,
And adding fewel to redundant flame,

He,

He, ſober pimp to Lechery, explains
What *Capreæ*'s *Iſle*, or V *'s *Alcove* contains:
Why PAULUS, for his ſordid temper known,
Was laviſh to his father's wife alone:
Why thoſe fond *female viſits* duly paid
To tuneful INCUBA; and what her *trade*:
How modern Love has made ſo many martyrs,
And which *keeps* oftneſt, Lady C *, or CHARTRES.

But who their various ſollies can explain?
The tale is infinite, the taſk were vain.
'Twere to read new-year odes in ſearch of thought;
To ſum the libels PRYN or WITHERS wrote;
To gueſs, ere *one Epiſtle* ſaw the light,
How many dunces met, and club'd their mite;
To vouch for truth what WELSTED prints of POPE,
Or from the *brother-Boobies* ſteal a trope.
That be the part of preſevering WASSE,
With pen of lead; or, ARNALL, thine of braſs;

V. 209. See a Poem publiſhed ſome time ago under that title, ſaid to be the production of ſeveral ingenious and prolific heads; One contributing a ſimilé, Another a character, and a certain Gentleman four ſhrewd lines wholly made up of aſteriſks.

V. 213. See the preface to his edition of SALLUST; and read, if you are able, the ſcholia of ſixteen annotators by him collected, beſides his own.

A text for HENLEY, or a Gloſs for HERNE,
Who loves to teach, what no man cares to learn.

How little, knowledge reaps from toils like theſe!
Too doubtful to direct, too poor to pleaſe.
Yet, Critics, would your tribe deſerve a name,
And, fairly uſeful, riſe to honeſt fame;
Firſt, from the head, a load of lumber move,
And, from the volume, all yourſelves approve:
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us ſenſe,
Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,
Where moral meaning, or where taſte preſides,
And wit enlivens but what reaſon guides:
Great without ſwelling, without meanneſs plain;
Serious, not ſilly; ſportive, but not vain;
On trifles ſlight, on things of uſe profound,
In quoting ſober, and in judging ſound.

VERSES

PRESENTED TO THE

PRINCE OF ORANGE,

On his viſiting OXFORD, in the Year 1734.

RECEIVE, lov'd Prince, the tribute of our praiſe,
This haſty welcome, in unfiniſh'd lays.
At beſt, the pomp of ſong, the paint of art,
Diſplay the genius, but not ſpeak the heart;
And oft, as ornament muſt truth ſupply,
Are but the ſplendid coloring of a ly.
Theſe need not here; for to a ſoul like thine,
Truth, plain and ſimple, will more lovely ſhine.
The truly Good but with the verſe ſincere:
They court no flattery, who no cenſure fear.

Such NASSAU is, the faireſt, gentleſt mind,
In blooming youth the TITUS of mankind.
Crouds, who to hail thy wiſh'd appearance ran,
Forgot the Prince, to praiſe and love the Man.

Such ſenſe with ſweetneſs, grandeur mix'd with eaſe!
Our nobler Youth will learn of thee to pleaſe:
Thy bright example ſhall our world adorn,
And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.

Nor deem this verſe from venal art proceeds,
That vice of Courts, the ſoil for baneful weeds.
Here candor dwells; here honeſt truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not diſguiſe, the thought.
See theſe enlighten'd *Sages*, who preſide
O'er learning's empire; ſee the *Youth* they guide:
Behold, all faces are in tranſport dreſt!
But thoſe moſt wonder, who diſcern thee beſt.
At ſight of thee, each free-born heart receives
A joy, the ſight of Princes rarely gives;
From tyrants ſprung, and oft themſelves deſign'd,
By Fate, the future NERos of their kind:
But tho thy blood, we know, tranſmitted ſprings
From laurell'd heroes, and from warrior-kings,
Thro that high ſeries, we, delighted, trace
The friends of Liberty, and human Race!

Oh born to glad and animate our Iſle!
For thee, our heavens look pleas'd, our ſeaſons ſmile.

For

For thee, late object of our tender fears,
When thy life droop'd, and *Britain* was in tears,
All-chearing *Health*, the goddeſs roſy-fair,
Attended by ſoft ſuns, and vernal air,
Sought thoſe * *fam'd Springs*, where, each afflictive hour,
Diſeaſe, and Age, and Pain, invoke her power:
She came; and, while to thee the current flows,
Pour'd all her ſelf, and in thy cup aroſe.
Hence, to thy cheek, that inſtant bloom deriv'd!
Hence, with thy health, the weeping world reviv'd!

Proceed to emulate thy race divine:
A life of action, and of praiſe, be thine.
Aſſert the *titles* genuine to thy blood,
By nature, *daring*; but by reaſon, *good*.
So great, ſo glorious thy forefathers ſhone,
No ſon of theirs muſt hope to live unknown:
Their deeds will place thy virtue full in ſight;
Thy vice, if vice thou haſt, in ſtronger light.
If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
Think what the world may claim, and thou muſt do:

* *Bath.*

The honors, that already grace thy name,
Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame.
Even ſhe, bright ANNA, whom thy worth has won,
Inſpires thee what to ſeek and what to ſhun:
Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted Fair
Makes the ſoul's beauty her peculiar care.
O be your nuptials crown'd with glad encreaſe
Of ſons, in war renown'd, and great in peace;
Of daughters, fair and fruitful, to ſupply
The patriot-race, till Nature's ſelf ſhall die!

VERSES

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

Dr. FRAZER's Rebuilding Part of the Univerſity of ABERDEEN.

IN times long paſt, ere *Wealth* was *Learning*'s foe,
And dar'd deſpiſe the worth, *he* would not know;
Ere mitred *Pride*, which arts alone had rais'd,
Thoſe very arts, in others, ſaw, unprais'd;
Friend to mankind, a * Prelate, good and great,
The *Muſes* courted to this ſafe retreat:
Fix'd each fair *virgin*, decent, in her cell,
With learned *Leiſure*, and with *Peace* to dwell.
The fabric finiſh'd, to the † ſovereign's fame,
His own neglecting, he transfer'd his claim.
Here, by ſucceſſive worthies, well was taught
Whate'er enlightens, or exalts the thought.
With labor planted, and improv'd with care,
The various tree of knowledge flouriſh'd fair:
Soft and ſerene the kindly ſeaſons roll'd,
And *Science* long enjoy'd her age of gold.

 Now,

* Bp. ELPHINSTON.

† Calling it King's College in complement to JAMES IV.

Now, dire reverſe! impair'd by lapſe of years,
A falling waſte the *Muſes'* ſeat appears.
O'er her grey roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, ſure deſtroyer, walks his hoſtile round:
Silent, and ſlow, and ceaſeleſs in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders every pile!
Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place:
And dumb *Oblivion* comes with mended pace.

Sad *Learning*'s Genius, with a father's fear,
Beheld the total deſolation near:
Beheld the *Muſes* ſtretch the wing to fly;
And fix'd on heaven his ſorrow-ſtreaming eye!

From heaven, in that dark hour, commiſſion'd came
Mild *Charity*, even there the foremoſt name.
Sweet Pity flew before her, ſoftly bright;
At whoſe felt influence, Nature ſmil'd with light.

" Hear, and rejoice!--the gracious Power begun—
" Already, fir'd by me thy favorite Son,
" This ruin'd ſcene remarks with filial eyes;
" And, from it's fall, bids fairer fabrics riſe.

" Even

" Even now, behold! where crumbling fragments grey,
" In duſt deep-bury'd, loſt to memory lay,
" The column ſwells, the well-knit arches bend,
" The round dome widens, and the roofs aſcend!

" Nor ends the bounty thus: by him beſtow'd,
" Here, ſcience ſhall her richeſt ſtores unload.
" Whate'er, long-hid, *Philoſophy* has found;
" Or the *Muſe* ſung, with living lawrel crown'd;
" Or *Hiſtory* deſcry'd, far-looking ſage,
" In the dark doubtfulneſs of diſtant age;
" Theſe, thy beſt wealth, with curious choice combin'd,
" Now treaſur'd here, ſhall form the ſtudious mind:
" To wits unborn the wanted ſuccours give,
" And fire the bard, whom Genius means to live.

" But, teach thy *Sons* the gentle laws of peace;
" Let low ſelf-love and pedant-diſcord ceaſe:
" Their object truth, utility their aim,
" One ſocial ſpirit reign, in all the ſame.
" Thus aided arts ſhall with freſh vigor ſhoot;
" Their cultur'd bloſſoms ripen into fruit;
" Thy faded ſtar diſpenſe a brighter ray,
" And each glad Muſe renew her nobleſt lay."

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

Siege of DAMASCUS.

Spoken by Lord SANDWICH.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath ELIZA's ſmile,
Spred wide their influence o'er this happy iſle;
A golden reign, uncurs'd with party-rage,
That ſoe to taſte, and tyrant of our age;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk, in politics, or play:
The ſtateſman oft would ſoothe his toils with wit,
What SPENCER ſung, and nature's SHAKESPEAR writ;
Or to the laurel'd grove, at times, retire,
There, woo the *Muſe*, and wake the moving lyre.

As fair examples, like aſcending morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorn;

From

From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightning o'er the land, with ſwift increaſe:
Rough nature ſoften'd into grace and eaſe;
Senſe grew polite, and ſcience ſought to pleaſe.

Reliev'd from yon rude *Scene* of party-din,
Where open baſeneſs vys with ſecret ſin,
And ſafe embower'd in * WOBURN's airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taſte approves;
Awaken to our aid the mourning *Muſe*;
Thro every boſom tender thought infuſe;
Melt angry faction into moral ſenſe,
And to his gueſts a BEDFORD's ſoul diſpenſe.

And now, while *Spring* extends her ſmiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial *Nature* breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladneſs, in the living gale;
The various ſoftneſs, ſtealing thro the heart,
Impreſſions, ſweetly ſocial, will impart.

* The Siege of Damaſcus was acted at WOBURN, by the Duke of BEDFORD, the Earl of SANDWICH, and ſome other perſons of diſtinction, in the month of *May*, 1743.

When

When ſad EUDOCIA pours her hopeleſs woe,
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
When erring PHOCYAS, whom wild paſſions blind,
Holds up himſelf, a mirror for mankind;
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn:
And conſcious, Nature is in all the ſame,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BROTHERS,

a TRAGEDY by DR. YOUNG.

TO Woman, ſure, the moſt ſevere affliction
Is, from theſe Fellows, point blank contradiction.
Our Bard, without — I wiſh he would appear —
Ud! I would give it him — but you ſhall hear —

Good Sir! quoth I — and curtſey'd as I ſpoke —
Our Pit, you know, expects and loves a Joke.
'Twere fit to *humour* them: for, *right* or *wrong*,
True Britons never *like* the *ſame thing long*.
To day is fair — they ſtrut, huff, ſwear, harangue :—
To morrow's foul — they ſneak aſide, and hang.
Is there a War — peace! peace! is all their cry:
The peace is made — then, blood! they'll fight and die.

Gallants,

Gallants, in talking thus, I meant no treaſon:
I would have brought, you ſee, the man to reaſon.
But with ſome folks, 'tis labour loſt to ſtrive:
A reaſoning mule will neither lead nor drive.
He hum'd, and haw'd; then, waking from his dream,
Cry'd, I muſt *preach* to *you* his moral ſcheme.
A ſcheme, forſooth! to benefit the nation!
Some queer, odd whim of pious *propagation!* *
Lord! talk ſo, *here* — the man muſt be a widgeon: —
Drury may *propagate* — but not *Religion.*

Yet, after all, to give the Devil his due,
Our Author's ſcheme, tho' ſtrange, is wholly new:
Well, ſhall the *novelty* then recommend it?
If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
For *Drums* and *Routs*, make *him* a while your *paſſion.*
A *little while* let *virtue* be the faſhion:
And, ſpite of real or imagin'd blunders,
E'en let him *live*, *nine* days, like other *wonders.*

* The profits ariſing from this play were intended to be given, by the Author, to the Society for propagating Chriſtian Knowledge.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

WHEN this deciſive night, at length, appears,
The night of every author's hopes and fears,
What ſhifts to bribe applauſe, poor poet's try?
In all the forms of wit they court and lye:
Theſe meanly beg it, as an alms; and thoſe,
By boaſtful bluſter dazzle and impoſe.

Nor poorly fearful, nor ſecurely vain,
Ours would, by honeſt ways, that grace obtain;
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd:
And then—let candor, fairly too, decide.
He courts no friend, who blindly comes to praiſe;
He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raiſe.

Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own,
He aims to pleaſe, by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inſpiring nature, and directing art;

By

By ſcenes, ſo wrought, as may applauſe command
More from the judging head, than thundering hand.

Important is the moral we would teach —
Oh may this Iſland practiſe what we preach —
Vice in its firſt approach with care to ſhun;
The wretch, who once engages, is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link ſo ſtreight,
What firſt was accident, at laſt is fate:
Guilt's hapleſs ſervant ſinks into a ſlave;
And virtue's laſt ſad ſtrugglings cannot ſave.

" As ſuch our fair attempt, we hope to ſee
" Our judges,—*here* at leaſt—from influence free;
" *One* place,—unbiaſs'd yet by party-rage,—
' Where only honor votes,—the *Britiſh* ſtage.
" We aſk for juſtice, for indulgence ſue:
" Our laſt beſt licence muſt proceed from you."

IMPROMPTU,

On a LADY, who had paſſed ſome time in playing with a very young child.

WHY, on this leaſt of little Miſſes,
Did *Celia* waſte ſo many kiſſes?
Quoth *Love*, who ſtood behind and ſmil'd,
She kiſs'd the Father in the Child.

EPIGRAM,

On ſeeing two perſons paſs by, in very different equipages.

IN modern, as in antient days,
See what the Muſes have to brag on:
The Player in his own poſt-chaiſe;
The Poet in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM,

On a certain LORD's paſſion for a SINGER.

NERINA's angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights:
How whimſical her *Strephon*'s fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be *ſhe* cruel, be *ſhe* kind,
Love! ſtrike *her* dumb, or make *him* blind.

A SIMILE in PRIOR,

Applyed to the ſame PERSON.

DEAR THOMAS, didſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's ſhop?
There, THOMAS, didſt thou never ſee —
'Tis but by way of ſimile —
A Squirrel ſpend it's little rage,
In jumping round a rowling cage?

Mov'd

Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with this little Peer,
So buſy and ſo buſtling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And friſking round his cage, the town.
A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who ſaid this, and who did that:
With ſimilies, that never hit;
Vivacity, that has no wit;
Schemes laid this hour, the next forſaken;
Advice oft aſk'd, but never taken:
Still whirl'd, by every riſing whim,
From that to this, from her to him;
And when he hath his circle run,
He ends — juſt where he firſt begun.

ON AN

AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hovering round the Fair at ſixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A fleſh-fly, that juſt flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to ſting;
Briſk where he *cannot*, backward where he *can*;
The teizing *ghoſt* of the departed *man*.

ON I. H. ESQ;

THE youth had wit himſelf, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Tho ſcandal was his joy, he would not ſwear:
An oath had made the ladies ſtare.
At them he duly dreſs'd, but without paſſion:
His only miſtreſs was the faſhion.
His verſe with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
His proſe, with ſenſe, correctly quaint.
Trifles he lov'd; he taſted arts:
At once a fribble, and a man of parts.

A FRAG-

A

FRAGMENT.

* * *

FAIR morn aſcends: ſoft zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the ſpring:
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flower,
Of balmy ſmell, of healing power,
Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in every gale.
Here, ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where, ſweetly-penſive, *Silence* reigns;
And there, at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rowls with ſounding ſweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with *Nature* here!

Here are thy walks, O ſacred HEALTH!
The monarch's bliſs, the beggar's wealth!
The ſeaſoning of all good below!
The ſovereign friend in joy or woe!

O *Thou*, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence duly priz'd!
Power of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine!
O *ſun* of life! whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up, and chears, our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till *Nature*, with thy *parting* light,
Repoſes late in *Death*'s calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain, and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot *Riot* would his anguiſh ſteep,
But toſſes thro the midnight-ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where *Temperance*, where the *Muſes* dwell;
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,

With

With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods and waters round.

But when the ſun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While *Heat* ſits fervent on the plain,
With *Thirſt* and *Languor* in his train;
All nature ſickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing *Coolneſs* has her ſeat.

There, plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.

From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the Dead;
Sages, or Poets. See they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes.
Hark! ORPHEUS ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoften'd ſavages to men:
Lo! SOCRATES, the *Sent* of heaven,
To whom it's *moral will* was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the ſhade,
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And *Nature*, by the *unknown law*,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When iſſuing from the inmoſt wood,
Appear'd fair *Freedom*'s GENIUS good.
O *Freedom!* ſovereign boon of heaven;
Great Charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the ſage,
Have plan'd, have bled thro every age!

High

High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * *

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR THE

WEDDING-DAY.

THE riſing morn, ſerenely ſtill,
Had brightening ſpred o'er vale and hill,
Not thoſe looſe beams that wanton play,
To light the mirth of giddy *May*;
Nor ſuch red heats as burn the plain,
In ardent *Summer*'s feveriſh reign:
But rays, all-equal, ſoft and ſober,
To ſuit the ſecond of *October*;
To ſuit the pair, whoſe wedding day
This ſun now gilds with annual ray.

Juſt then, where our good-natur'd Thames is
Some four ſhort miles above St. James's,
And deigns, with ſilver-ſtreaming wave,
Th' abodes of earth-born pride to lave,
Aloft in air two Gods were ſoaring;
While *Putney-Cits* beneath lay ſnoring,
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten per cent,
On ſums to their dear country lent:

Two

Two Gods of no inferior fame,
Whom antient wits with reverence name;
Tho wiſer moderns much diſparage ——
I mean the Gods of Love and Marriage.

But Cupid firſt, his wit to ſhew,
Aſſuming a mere modern beau,
Whoſe utmoſt aim is idle mirth,
Look'd — juſt as coxcombs look on earth:
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place chit-chat;

How! on the wing, by break of dawn!
Dear brother — there he forc'd a yawn —
To tell men, ſunk in ſleep profound,
They muſt, ere night, be gag'd and bound!
Who, having once, put on thy chain,
'Tis odds, may ne'er ſleep ſound again.
So ſay the wits: but wiſer folks
Still marry, and contemn their jokes:
They know, each better bliſs is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!

And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails, nor ever ſowers!
Well, be it ſo: yet there are fools,
Who dare demur to formal rules;
Who laugh profanely at their betters,
And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
But, well or ill, jog on thro life
Without that ſovereign bliſs, a wife.
Leave theſe at leaſt, theſe ſad dogs free,
To ſtroll with Bacchus and with me;
And ſup, in Middleſex, or Surry,
On coarſe cold beef, and F——y M——y.

Thus Cupid — and with ſuch a leer,
You would have ſworn 'twas L——r.
While Hymen ſoberly reply'd,
Yet with an air of conſcious pride:

Juſt come from yonder wretched ſcene,
Where all is venal, falſe, and mean,
(Looking on London as he ſpoke)
I marvel not at thy dull joke;

Nor

Nor, in ſuch cant, to hear thee vapour,
Thy quiver lin'd with *South-ſea* paper;
Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,
With *India-bonds*, for hearts on ſale;
Their other ends too, as is meet,
Tip'd with gold points from *Lombard-ſtreet*.
But could'ſt thou for a moment quit
Theſe airs of faſhionable wit,
And re-aſſume thy nobler name —
Look *that way*, where I turn my flame —
He ſaid, and held his torch inclin'd,
Which, pointed ſo, ſtill brighter ſhin'd —
Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
Whom I, eight years, have known to charm;
And, while they wear my willing chains,
A God dares ſwear that neither feigns.
This morn that bound their mutual vow,
That bleſt them firſt and bleſſes now,
They grateful hail! and, from the ſoul,
Wiſh thouſands o'er both heads may roll;
Till, from life's banquet, either gueſt,
Embracing, may retire to reſt.
Come then, all railery laid aſide,
Let this their day ſerenely glide:

With mine thy ſerious aim unite,
And both ſome proper gueſts invite;
That not one minute's running ſand
May find their pleaſures at a ſtand.

At this ſevere and ſad rebuke,
Enough to make a coxcomb puke;
Poor Cupid, bluſhing, ſhrug'd and winc'd,
Not yet conſenting tho convinc'd:
For 'tis your witling's greateſt terror,
Even when he feels, to own, his error.
Yet, with a look of arch grimace,
He took his penitential face:
Said, 'twas, perhaps, the ſurer play,
To give your grave good ſouls their way:
That, as true humour was grown ſcarce,
He choſe to ſee a ſober farce;
For, of all cattle and all fowl,
Your ſolemn-looking aſs and owl
Rais'd much more mirth, he durſt aver it,
Than thoſe Jack-puddings, pug and parret.

He ſaid, and eaſtward ſpred his wing,
From London ſome few friends to bring.

His

His brother too, with ſober cheer,
For the ſame end did weſtward ſteer:
But firſt, a penſive Love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch revers'd, and all around,
Where once it flam'd, with cyprus bound,
Sent off, to call a neighbouring friend,
On whom the mournful train attend:
And bid him, this one day, at leaſt,
For ſuch a pair, at ſuch a feaſt,
Strip off the ſable veil, and wear
His once-gay look and happier air.

But Hymen ſpeeding forward ſtill,
Obſerv'd * a Man on Richmond-Hill,
Who now firſt trys a country life;
Perhaps, to fit him for a wife.
But, tho not much on this he reckon'd,
The paſſing God look'd in and beckon'd:
He knows him rich in ſocial merit,
With independent taſte and ſpirit;
Tho he will laugh with men of whim,
For fear ſuch men ſhould laugh at him.

* A. M. Eſq; now miniſter at the court of Pruſſia.

But lo, already on his way,
In due obſervance of the day,
A friend and favourite of the Nine,
Who can, but ſeldom cares to ſhine,
And one ſole virtue would arrive at —
To keep his many virtues private.
Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by ſtealth,
His lov'd companions eaſe and health:
Or in his garden, barring out
The noiſe of every neighbouring rout,
At penſive hour of eve and prime,
Marks how the various hand of time
Now feeds and rears, now ſtarves and ſlaughters,
His vegetable ſons and daughters.

While theſe are on their way, behold!
Dan. Cupid, from his London-fold,
Firſt ſeeks and ſends his new Lord Warden *
Of all the Nymphs in Covent-Garden:
Brave as the ſword he wears in fight;
Sincere, and briefly in the right;
Whom never miniſter or King
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.

* The late General Skelton. He had juſt then purchaſed a houſe in Henrietta-Street.

A ſecond ſee! of ſpecial note,
Plump Comus in a colonel's coat;
Whom we, this day, expect from far,
A jolly firſt-rate Man of war:
On whom we boldly dare repoſe,
To meet our friends, or meet our foes.

Or comes a brother in his ſtead?
Strong-body'd too, and ſtrong of head:
Who, in whatever path he goes,
Still looks right on before his noſe;
And holds it little leſs than treaſon,
To baulk his ſtomach or his reaſon.
True to his Miſtreſs and his meat,
He eats to love, and loves to eat.

Laſt comes a virgin—pray admire her!
Cupid himſelf attends, to ſquire her:
A welcome gueſt! we much had miſt her;
For 'tis our *Kitty*, or *his* ſiſter.

† The late Col. Caroline Scott; who tho extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much ſkill, ſpirit and bravery as an officer, joined the greateſt gentleneſs of manners as a companion and friend. He died a ſacrifice to the public, in the ſervice of the Eaſt-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
Snap up this lamb, to ſhear her wool;
No Teague of that unbluſhing band,
Juſt landed, or about to land;
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurſe,
To ſteal an heireſs or a purſe.
No ſcraping, ſaving, ſawcy Cit,
Sworn foe of breeding, worth and wit;
No half-form'd inſect of a Peer,
With neither land nor conſcience clear;
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
Juſt ſpell the motto on his landau.
From all, from each of theſe defend her;
But thou and Hymen both befriend her,
With truth, taſte, honor, in a mate,
And much good ſenſe, and ſome eſtate.

But now, ſuppoſe th' aſſembly met,
And round the table cordial ſet;
While in fair order, to their wiſh,
Plain Neatneſs ſends up every diſh,
And Pleaſure at the ſide-board ſtands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,

To

To pour libations, in due meaſure,
As Reaſon wills when join'd with Pleaſure —
Let theſe white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim allay:
In every face let joy be ſeen,
As truth ſincere, as hope ſerene:
Let Friendſhip, Love, and Wit combine,
To flavor both the meat and wine,
With that rich reliſh to each ſenſe,
Which they, and they alone, diſpenſe:
Let Muſic too their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and feſtive ſong:
Then, when at eve, the ſtar of love
Glows with ſoft radiance from above,
And *each* companionable gueſt
Withdraws, repleniſh'd not oppreſt,
Let *each*, well-pleas'd, at parting ſay —
My life be ſuch a wedding day!

THE

EXCURSION.

A

POEM.

IN

TWO CANTOS.

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.

INvocation, addreſſed to FANCY. Subject propoſed; a ſhort excurſive ſurvey of the EARTH and HEAVENS. The poems opens with a deſcription of the *face* of *nature* in the different ſcenes of morning, ſun-riſe, noon with a thunder-ſtorm, evening, night and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceaſed.

With the return of morning FANCY continues her excurſion, firſt northward—A view of the *artic* continent and the deſarts of *Tartary*—From thence ſouthward: a general proſpect of the globe, followed by another of the mid-land part of *Europe*, ſuppoſe *Italy*. A city there upon the point of being ſwallowed up by an *Earthquake*: ſigns that uſher *it* in: deſcribed in *it's* cauſes and effects at length—*Eruption* of a *burning mountain*, happening at the ſame time and from the ſame cauſes, likewiſe deſcribed.

CANTO II.

Contains, on the ſame plan, a ſurvey of the *ſolar ſyſtem*, and of the *fixed ſtars*.

This poem is among the author's earlieſt performances. Whether the writing may, in ſome degree, attone for the irregularity of the compoſition, which he confeſſes and does not even attempt to excuſe, is ſubmitted entirely to the candor of the reader.

THE

EXCURSION.

CANTO I.

COmpanion of the muſe, creative power,
IMAGINATION! at whoſe great command
Ariſe unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring: *thou*, who canſt at will
People with air-born ſhapes the ſilent wood,
And ſolitary vale, thy own domain,
Where *Contemplation* haunts; O come invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing,
O'er EARTH's extended ſpace: and thence, on high,
Spread to ſuperior WORLDS thy bolder flight,
Excurſive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man ——

To yon expanſe of plains, where *Truth* delights,
Simple of heart; and, hand in hand with her,
Where blameleſs *Virtue* walks. Now parting *Spring*,
Parent of beauty and of ſong, has left

His mantle, flower embroider'd, on the ground.
While *Summer* laughing comes, and bids the *Months*
Crown his prime ſeaſon with their choiceſt ſtores;
Freſh roſes opening to the ſolar ray,
And fruits ſlow-ſwelling on the loaded bough.

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whoſe early throat,
Heard from the diſtant village in the vale,
Crows chearly out, far-ſounding thro the gloom.
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-ſky,
She rules the ſable hour: and calls her train
Of viſionary fears, the ſhrouded ghoſt,
The dream diſtreſsful, and the incumbent hag,
That riſe to fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While reaſon ſlumbering lies. At once they fly,
As ſhadows paſs, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,
From eaſt to north in doubtful twilight ſeen,
A whitening luſtre ſhoots it's tender beam;
While ſhade and ſilence yet involve the ball.
Now ſacred *Morn*, aſcending, ſmiles ſerene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world.

Gay

Gay daughter of the air, for ever young,
For ever pleaſing! lo, ſhe onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure looſe-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
The weſtern grey of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame: the riſing miſts,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling ſpires; and open all his woods,
High-waving in the ſky: th' uncolor'd ſtream,
Beneath her glowing ray, tranſlucent ſhines.
Glad *Nature* feels her thro her boundleſs realms
Of life and ſenſe: and calls forth all her ſweets,
Fragrance and ſong. From each unfolding flower
Tranſpires the balm of life, that zephyre wafts,
Delicious, on his roſy wing: each bird,
Or high in air, or ſecret in the ſhade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his matin hymn.
While beaſts of chaſe, by ſecret inſtinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and plunging into night,
In brake, or cavern, ſlumber out the day.

Invited by the chearful morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof, the *good Man* comes
To taſte her freſhneſs, and improve her riſe
In holy muſing. Rapture in his eye,

And

And kneeling wonder ſpeak his ſilent ſoul,
With gratitude o'erflowing and with praiſe!

Now *Induſtry* is up. The village pours
Her uſeful ſons abroad to various toil:
The labourer here, with every inſtrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the ſwain,
A rural king amid his ſubject-flocks,
Whoſe bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
The traveller too purſues his early road,
Among the dews of morn. AURORA calls:
And all the living landſcape moves around.

But ſee, the flaſh'd horizon flames intenſe
With vivid red, in rich profuſion ſtream'd
O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds aſſume
Their gayeſt liveries; theſe with ſilvery beams
Fring'd lovely, ſplendid thoſe in liquid gold:
And ſpeak their ſovereign's ſtate. He comes, behold!
Fountain of light and color, warmth and life!
The *King* of glory! Round his head divine,
Diffuſive ſhowers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the *indian* wave up-riſing fair

He

He looks abroad on nature, and inveſts,
Where'er his univerſal eye ſurveys,
Her ample boſom, earth, air, ſea and ſky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.

From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain,
Half way up heaven ambitious, brown with woods
Of broadeſt ſhade, and terraſs'd round with walks,
Winding and wild, that deep embowering riſe,
Maze above maze, thro all its ſhelter'd height;
From hence, th' aëreal concave without cloud,
Tranſlucent, and in pureſt azure dreſt;
The boundleſs ſcene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
The precipice abrupt; the diſtant deep,
Whoſe ſhores remurmur to the ſounding ſurge;
The nearer foreſt in wide circuit ſpread,
Solemn receſs, whoſe ſolitary walks,
Fair *Truth* and *Wiſdom* love; the bordering lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daiſy'd vale;
The river's cryſtal, and the meadow's green ——
Grateful diverſity! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thouſand charms.

Theſe ſcenes, where every *Virtue*, every *Muſe*
Delighted range, ſerene the ſoul and lift,

Borne

Borne on devotion's wing beyond the pole,
To higheſt heaven her thought; to nature's God,
Firſt ſource of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whoſe throne
Sits ſovereign *Bounty*, and thro heaven and earth
Ceaſeleſs diffuſes plenitude of bliſs.
Him all things own: he ſpeaks, and it is day.
Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obſcures the world. The ſeaſons at *his* call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.

While reaſon thus and rapture fill the heart;
Friends of mankind, good angels hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infuſing, lend;
And in ſtill whiſpers, ſoft as zephire's breath
When ſcarce the green leaf trembles, thro her powers
Inſpire new vigor, purer light ſupply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celeſtial intercourſe! ſuperior bliſs,
Which vice ne'er knew! health of th' enliven'd ſoul,
And heaven on earth begun! Thus ever fix'd
In ſolitude, may I, obſcurely ſafe,
Deceive mankind, and *ſteal* thro life along,
As ſlides the foot of *Time*, unmark'd, unknown!

Ex-

Exalted to his noon the fervent ſun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immenſe, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now th' embowering maze
Of vale ſequeſter'd, or the fir-crown'd ſide
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapſe
Falls many a dew-fed ſtream, invites the ſtep
Of muſing poet, and ſecures repoſe
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppreſſive brightneſs deluging the world,
Sick nature pants: and from the cleaving earth
Light vapors, undulating thro the air,
Contagious fly, engendring dire diſeaſe,
Red plague and fever; or, in fogs aloft
Condenſing, ſhew a ruffling tempeſt nigh.

And ſee, exhaling from th' atlantic ſurge,
Wild world of waters, diſtant clouds aſcend
In vapory confluence, deepening cloud on cloud:
Then rolling duſk along to eaſt and north,
As the blaſt bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempeſt o'er the noon!
Lo, bird and beaſt, impreſs'd by *Nature*'s hand
In homeward-warnings thro each feeling nerve,
Haſte from the hour of terror and of ſtorm.
The *Thunder* now, from forth his cloudy ſhrine,

Amid conflicting elements, where *Dread*
And *Dearth* attend, the ſervants of his nod,
Firſt, in deaf murmurs, ſounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb ſadneſs fills this nether world: the gloom
With double blackneſs lours; the tempeſt ſwells;
And expectation ſhakes the heart of man.

Where yonder clouds in duſky depth extend
Broad o'er the ſouth; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempeſt ſwells,
Sulphureous ſteam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous ſoil: and lo, at once,
Forth darted in ſlant ſtream, the ruddy flaſh,
Quick-glancing, ſpreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expanſive; ſheets the ſky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all ſides burning; now the face of things
Diſcloſing; ſwallow'd now in tenfold night.
Again the thunder's voice, with pealing roar
From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing burſts! Air, ſea, and ſhoar reſound.
Horror ſits ſhuddering in the felon-breaſt,
And feels the deathful flaſh before it flies:

Each

Each ſleeping ſin, excited, ſtarts to view;
And all is ſtorm within. The *Murderer*, pale
With conſcious guilt, tho hid in deepeſt ſhade,
Hears and flies wild, purſu'd by all his fears:
And ſees the bleeding *Shadow* of the *Slain*
Riſe hideous, glaring on him thro the gloom!

Hark! thro th' aereal vault, the ſtorm inflam'd
Comes nearer, hoarſely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal inceſſant, burſt on burſt:
Torn from it's baſe, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind-wing, in red diffuſion flaſh'd.
Deſtruction marks it's path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in ſmouldering fires: ſurpriz'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd proſtrate falls,
A livid corſe. Yon cottage flames to heaven:
And in it's fartheſt cell, to which the hour,
All-horrible, had ſped their ſteps, behold!
The parent breathleſs lies; her orphan-babes
Shuddering and ſpeechleſs round.—O *Power* divine!
Whoſe will unerring points the bolt of fate!
Thy hand tho terrible, ſhall man decide
If puniſhment, or mercy, dealt the blow?

Appeas'd at laſt, the tumult of the ſkies
Subſides, the thunder's falling roar is huſh'd;
At once the clouds fly ſcattering, and the ſun
Breaks out with boundleſs ſplendor o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life reſtores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing miſts
Faſt-riſing to his ray; till every flower
Lifts up it's head, and nature ſmiles reviv'd.

At firſt 'tis awful ſilence over all,
From ſenſe of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beaſt and bird
Rejoice aloud to heaven: on either hand,
The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So paſs the ſongful hours: and now the ſun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the weſtern main,
Whoſe fluctuating boſom, bluſhing red
The ſpace of many ſeas beneath his eye,
Heaves in ſoft ſwellings murmuring to the ſhore.
A circling glory glows around his diſk
Of milder beams: part, ſtreaming o'er the ſky,
Inflame the diſtant azure: part below
In level lines ſhoot thro the waving wood,

Clad

Clad half in light, and half in pleaſing ſhade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. You evening clouds
Lucid or duſk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amuſive, changeful, ſhifting into ſhapes
Of viſionary beauty, antique towers
With ſhadowy domes and pinacles adorn'd;
Or hills of white extent, that riſe and ſink
As ſportful *Fancy* lifts: till late, the ſun
From human eye behind earth's ſhading orb
Total withdrawn, th' aereal landſcape fades.

Diſtinction fails: and in the darkening weſt,
The laſt light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now th' illuſive *Flame*, oft ſeen at eve,
Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening *Night*'s approach:
Ariſing awful o'er the eaſtern ſky,
Onward *ſhe* comes with ſilent ſtep and ſlow,
In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The ſtill, the mild, the melancholy *Hour*,
And *Meditation*, with his eye on heaven.

Muſing, in ſober mood, of *Time* and *Life*,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravel'd and unknown,
Eternity! thro deſart ways I walk;
Or to the cypreſs-grove, at twilight ſhun'd
By paſſing ſwains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs ruſtle round me where I ſtand,
With fancy all-arrous'd.——Far on the left,
Shoots up a ſhapeleſs rock of duſky height,
The raven's haunt: and down it's woody ſteep,
A daſhing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His ſounding waters; white on every cliff
Hangs the light foam, and ſparkles thro the gloom.

Behind me riſes huge a reverend *pile*
Sole on this blaſted heath, a place of tombs,
Waſte, deſolate, where *Ruin* dreary dwells,
Brooding o'er ſightleſs ſculls, and crumbling bones,
Ghaſtful *he* ſits, and eyes with ſtedfaſt glare,
(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
It's fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-ſhook arch, the column grey with moſs,
The leaning wall, the ſculptur'd ſtone defac'd,
Whoſe monumental flattery, mix'd with duſt,

Now

Now hides the ſtone it vainly meant to raiſe.
All is dread ſilence here, and undiſturb'd,
Save what the wind ſighs, and the wailing owl
Screams ſolitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her weſtern ray thro yonder *iſle*,
Where the ſad *Spirit* walks with ſhadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail midnight-ſhades! hail venerable dome!
By age more venerable; ſacred ſhore,
Beyond time's troubled ſea, where never wave,
Where never wind of paſſion or of guilt,
Of ſuffering or of ſorrow, ſhall invade
The calm ſound night of thoſe who reſt below.
The weary are at peace: the ſmall and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
Here ſleeps the priſoner ſafe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears th' oppreſſor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the ſons of mourning, fearleſs now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repoſe.
Proud greatneſs too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And *name* and *place*, are here,—for ever loſt!

But, at near diſtance, on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
And fair inſcription: where with head declin'd,
And folded arms, the *Virtues* weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
THYRSIS—'tis he! the wiſeſt and the beſt!
Lamented ſhade! whom every gift of heaven
Profuſely bleſt: all learning was his own.
Pleaſing his ſpeech, by nature taught to flow,
Perſuaſive ſenſe and ſtrong, ſincere and clear.
His manners greatly plain; a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic art,
Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
Nor *Pity* ſofter, nor was *Truth* more bright.
Conſtant in doing well, he neither ſought,
Nor ſhun'd applauſe. No baſhful merit ſigh'd
Near him neglected: ſympathizing he
Wip'd off the tear from *Sorrow*'s clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to ſmile.

'Tis morning: and the ſun, his welcome light,
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient ſtream,
Caſts thro the air, renewing nature's face
With heaven-born beauty. O'er her ample breaſt,

O'er

O'er ſea and ſhore, light FANCY ſpeeds along,
Quick as the darted beam, from pole to pole,
Excurſive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with *Winter* in his inmoſt realm,
Region of horrors! Here, amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd ſnows, reſides th' ungenial *Power*,
For ever ſilent, ſhivering, and forlorn!
From *Zembla's* cliffs on to the ſtraits ſurmiz'd
Of *Anian* eaſtward, where both worlds oppoſe
Their ſhores contiguous, lies the polar ſea,
One glittering waſte of ice, and on the morn
Caſts cold a chearleſs light. Lo, hills of ſnow,
Hill behind hill, and alp on alp, aſcend,
Pil'd up from eldeſt age, and to the ſun
Impenetrable; riſing from afar
In miſty proſpect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
Yet here, even here in this diſaſtrous clime,
Horrid and harbourleſs, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirſt of gain,
Thro floating iſles of ice and fighting ſtorms,
Roam the wild waves, in ſearch of doubtful ſhores,
By *Weſt* or *Eaſt*; a path yet unexplor'd.

Hence eastward to the *Tartar's* cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary length the *Desart* lies,
Where *Desolation* keeps his empty court.
No bloom of spring, o'er all the thirsty vast,
Nor spiry grass is found; but sands instead
In steril hills, and rough rocks rising grey.

A land of fears! where visionary forms
Of grisly *Spectres* from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm: and before them speechless *Horror* stalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
The secret hag and sorcerer unbleft
Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late, at the hour that severs night from morn,
When sleep has silenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heaven with hagard gaze;
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs thro the lowering sky.

From

From these sad scenes, the wide abodes of death,
With devious wing to fairer climes remote
Southward I stray: where *Caucasus* in view,
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the *Caspian* to the *Euxine* stretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal snows to heaven.
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest shades
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring woods,
IMAGINATION travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rowling seas and intermingled isles;
Her mighty continents out-stretch'd immense,
Where *Europe*, *Asia*, *Afric*, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend: and where,
To farthest point of west, COLUMBUS late,
Thro' untry'd oceans borne to shores unknown,
Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile world arise!
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The *Muse*'s walk, on which the sun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite *her* willing step.
Here see, around me smiling, myrtle-groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods

Of vegetable gold, with vales amidſt
Laviſh of flowers and fragrance; where ſoft *Spring*,
Lord of the year, indulges to each field
The fanning breeze, live ſpring, and ſheltering grove.

In theſe bleſt plains, a ſpacious city ſpreads
It's round extent magnificent, and ſeems
The ſeat of empire. Dazling in the ſky,
With far-ſeen blaze her towery ſtructures ſhine,
Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
Sends forth it's thouſands: peace and plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented ſchool
Learning exalts his head: and *Commerce* pours
Into her arms a thouſand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of laſting bliſs ſecure! Yet all muſt fail,
O'erturn'd and loſt—nor ſhall their place be found!

A ſullen calm unuſual, dark and dead,
Ariſes inauſpicious o'er the heavens.
The beamleſs ſun looks wan; a ſighing cold
Winters the ſhadow'd air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give ſign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the boſom of the globe,
Where ſulphur ſtor'd and nitre peaceful ſlept,

For

For ages, in their ſubterranean bed,
Ferments th' approaching *tempeſt*. Vapory ſteams,
Inflammable, perhaps by winds ſublim'd,
Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled maſs,
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundleſs rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, diſploded burſts
It's central priſon—Shook from ſhore to ſhore,
Reels the broad continent with all it's load,
Hills, foreſts, cities. The lone deſart quakes:
Her ſavage ſons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
Deaf diſtant roarings, thro the void profound,
Rueful are heard, as when *Deſpair* complains.

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud *Capital*,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Caſting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghaſt they ſtand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful ſkies around;
A moment's dreadful ſilence! Then loud ſcreams,
And eager ſupplications rend the ſkies.
Lo, crouds on crouds, in hurry'd ſtream along,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, from gate to gate roll'd on,
This, that way burſt in waves, by horror wing'd
To diſtant hill or cave: while half the globe,

Her frame convulſive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with ſecond agony. Upheav'd
In ſurges, her vext ſurface rolls a ſea.
Ruin enſues: towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Cruſh'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total——In that univerſal groan,
Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thouſand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undiſtinguiſh'd wreck!

Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
The ground yauns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flaſhing pale flames—down thro the gulphs profound,
Screaming, whole crouds of every age and rank,
With hands to heaven rais'd high imploring aid,
Prone to th' abyſs deſcend; and o'er their heads
Earth ſhuts her ponderous jaws. Part loſt in night
Return no more: part on the wafting wave,
Borne thro the darkneſs of th' infernal world,
Far diſtant riſe, emerging with the flood;
Pale as aſcending ghoſts caſt back to day,
A ſhuddering band! Diſtraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionleſs: they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and graſp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from fate,

Short

Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
For now, earth's ſolid ſphere aſunder rent
With final diſſolution, the huge maſs
Falls undermin'd—down, down th' extenſive ſeat
Of this fair city, down her buildings ſink!
Sinks the full pride her ample walls enclos'd,
In one wild havoc craſh'd, with burſt beyond
Heaven's loudeſt thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of nature's general frame deſtroy'd!

How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purpoſes of heaven! At once o'erthrown,
White age and youth, the guilty and the juſt,
O ſeemingly ſevere! promiſcuous fall.
Reaſon, whoſe daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd, ſubdu'd
To ſilence and amazement, with due praiſe
Acknowledges th' ALMIGHTY, and adores
His will unerring, wiſeſt, juſteſt, beſt!

The country mourns around with alter'd look.
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd *Spring*
Sat gaily dreſt, amid the vernal breath
Of roſes, and the ſong of nightingales,
Soft-warbled, ſilent languiſh now and die.

Rivers engulph'd their ample channels leave
A ſandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their ſeat, obſtruct the plain
With rough incumbrance; or thro depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.

Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
Steam'd from th' abyſs, fly ſecret over-head,
Wounding the healthful air; whence foul diſeaſe,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
In man ſore ſickneſs, and the lamp of life
Dim'd and diminiſh'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unſettling reaſon overturn'd.
Here into madneſs work'd, and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled ſea
Foaming out mud and filth: here downward ſunk
To folly, and in idle muſing wrapt;
Now chacing with fond aim the flying cloud;
Now numbring up the drops of falling rain.

A while the *firey Spirit* in it's cell
Inſidious ſlumbers, till ſome chance unknown,
Perhaps ſome rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and rowl'd with rough colliſion down
It's echoing vault, ſtrikes out the fatal ſpark

That

That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide thro her entrails torn. To all ſides flaſh'd,
The flames bear downward on the *central Deep*,
Immeaſurable ſource, whence ocean fills
His numerous ſeas, and pours them round the globe.
The liquid *Orb*, thro all it's dark expanſe,
In dire commotion boils; and burſting way
Up thro th' unſounded bottoms of the main,
Where never tempeſt ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the ſky,
With raving violence. And now their ſhores,
Rebellowing to the ſurge, they ſwallow fierce,
O'erſwelling mound and cliff: now ſwift and ſtrange,
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waſte of ſands.—Mean time, behold!

Yon neighbouring *Mountain* riſing bleak and bare,
It's double top in ſteril aſhes hid,
But green around it's baſe with oil and wine,
Gives ſign of ſtorm and deſolation near:
Store-houſe of fate! from whoſe infernal womb,
With firey minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, aſcends eternal ſmoke:
Now wavering looſe in air; now borne on high,

A duſky

A dusky column heightening to the sun!
IMAGINATION's eye looks down dismay'd
The steepy gulph, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vext, but now incens'd
To sevenfold fury. First, discordant sounds,
As of a clamoring multitude enrag'd,
The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds
Thro wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth where uproar reigns.
Anon, with black eruption, from it's jaws,
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rowls surging forth, extinguishing the day;
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air.
Instant, in one broad burst, a stream of fire,
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause, nor rest: again the mountain groans,
Amazing, from it's inmost caverns shook:
Again, with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.

But

But ſee, in ſecond pangs, the roaring hill
From forth it's depth a cloudy pillar ſhoots,
Gradual and vaſt, in one aſcending trunk
Of length immenſe, heav'd by the force of fire,
On it's own baſe direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the ſoaring eagle's ſunward flight.
Still as it ſwells, thro all the dark extent,
With wonder ſeen! ten thouſand lightnings play
In flaſh'd vibrations; and from height to height
Inceſſant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by th' explofive breath below,
At once the ſhadowy ſummit breaks away
To all ſides round, in billows broad and black,
As of a turbid ocean ſtir'd by winds,
A vapory deluge hiding earth and heaven.

Thus all day long; and now the beamleſs ſun
Sets as in blood. A dreadful pauſe enſues;
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer ſtorm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd ſhades,
Falls black and boundleſs o'er the ſcene. Suſpenſe,
And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
Imploring heaven with ſupplicating hands
And ſtreaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,

You

Yon peopled *City* ſtands; each ſadden'd face
Turn'd towards the hill of fears: and hark! once more
The riſing tempeſt ſhakes it's ſounding vaults,
Now faint in diſtant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and ſeas; or engines big with death,
That planted by the murd'rous hand of *War*
To ſhake the round of ſome proud capital,
At once diſploded, in one burſting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the ſky,
From eaſt to ſouth, a ruddy hill of ſmoke
Extends it's ridge, with diſmal light inflam'd.
Mean while, the *fluid Lake* that works below,
Bitumen, ſulphur, ſalt, and iron ſcum,
Heaves up it's boiling tide. The laboring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from it's ſide diſparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer thro the night, to yonder plain.
Divided there, a hundred torrent-ſtreams,
Each ploughing up it's bed, rowl dreadful on,
Reſiſtleſs. Villages, and woods, and rocks
Fall flat before their ſweep. The region round,
Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
Roſe fair, where harveſt way'd in all it's pride,

And

And where the vineyard ſpred her purple ſtore,
Maturing into nectar, now deſpoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing ſea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From ſcene to ſcene *excurſive*, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair *Nature*, and in all with wonder trace
The ſovereign MAKER, firſt, ſupreme, and beſt,
Who actuates the whole: at whoſe command,
Obedient fire and flood tremenduous riſe,
His miniſters of vengeance, to reprove,
And ſcourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wiſdom, goodneſs unconfin'd.

The End of the First Canto.

THE

THE EXCURSION.

CANTO II.

ENdleſs the wonders of creating power,
On earth, but chief on high thro heaven diſplay'd.
There ſhines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of Majeſty divine: refulgent there
Ten thouſand *ſuns* blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye,
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
To thoſe bright climes, awakening all her powers,
And ſpreading her unbounded wing, the *Muſe*
Aſcending ſoars, on thro the fluid ſpace,
The buoyant atmoſphere; whoſe vivid breath,
Soul of all ſublunary life, pervades
The realms of *Nature*, to her inmoſt depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now ſtill,
From pole to pole th' aereal ocean ſleeps,
One limpid vacancy: now rous'd to rage
By bluſtering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud

With

With thunderous fury charg'd, it's billows riſe,
And ſhake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vultur's eye hath not obſerv'd,
Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal ſphere
Receding flies approach; it's circling arch
Alike remote, tranſlucent, and ſerene.
Glorious expanſion! by th' ALMIGHTY ſpred,
Whoſe limits who hath ſeen! or who with him
Hath walk'd the ſun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And viſited the hoſt of heaven around!

Gleaming a borrow'd light, from hence how ſmall
The ſpeck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
Mutable region, vext with hourly change.
But here, unruffled calm her even reign
Maintains eternal: here the lord of day,
The neighbouring ſun, ſhines out in all his ſtrength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the ſource
Where morning ſprings; whence her innumerous ſtreams
Flow lucid forth, and roll thro trackleſs ways
Their white waves o'er the ſky. The fountain-orb,
Dilating as I riſe, beyond the ken

Of

Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immenſe,
A ſhoreleſs ſea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with it's tide.
What *power* is that, which to it's circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, burſting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who ſhall tell
That radiance beyond meaſure, on the ſun
Pour'd out tranſcendent! thoſe keen-flaſhing rays
Thrown round his ſtate, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and ſeaſons, life and joy!
Such virtue HE, the majeſty of heaven,
Brightneſs original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his ſphere
With matchleſs glory. Yet not all alike
Reſplendent: in theſe liquid regions pure,
Thick miſts, condenſing, darken into *ſpots*,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When CAESAR bled, which ſadden'd all the year,
With long eclipſe. *Some* at the centre riſe
In ſhady circles, like the moon beheld

From

From earth, when ſhe her unenlighten'd face
Turns thitherward opaque: a ſpace they brood
In congregated clouds; then breaking float
To all ſides round. Dilated *ſome* and denſe,
Broad as earth's ſurface each, by ſlow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Uſurping half the ſphere, and ſwim obſcure
On to it's adverſe coaſt; till there they ſet,
Or vaniſh ſcatter'd: meaſuring thus the time,
That round it's axle whirls the radiant orb.

Faireſt of beings! firſt-created light!
Prime cauſe of beauty! for from thee alone,
The ſparkling gem, the vegetable race,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing ſource of ſplendor draw!
In thy pure ſhine, with tranſport I ſurvey
This firmament, and theſe her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes, and motions: thoſe how vaſt!
How rapid theſe! with ſwiftneſs unconceiv'd,
From weſt to eaſt in ſolemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undiſturb'd; the ſun's bright train,
Progreſſive thro the ſky's light fluent borne

Around their centre. *Mercury* the firſt,
Near bordering on the *day*, with ſpeedy wheel
Flies ſwifteſt on, inflaming where he comes,
With *ſeven-fold* ſplendor, all his azure road.

Next *Venus* to the weſtward of the ſun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning-ſtar!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The *ſeat of man*, hung in the heavens remote,
Whoſe northern hemiſphere, deſcending, ſees
The ſun ariſe; as thro the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path, oblique *the* winds
Her annual orb: and by her ſide the *Moon*,
Companion of her flight, whoſe ſolemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe ſupply
A ſofter day-light; whoſe attractive power
Swells all her ſeas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their ſhores.

Beyond the ſphere of *Mars*, in diſtant ſkies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of *Jove*,
With kingly ſtate, the rival of the ſun.

About

About him round, four *planetary moons*,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
Theſe, in th' horizon, ſlow-aſcending climb
The ſteep of heaven, and, mingling in ſoft flow
Their ſilver radiance, brighten as they riſe.
Thoſe oppoſite roll downward from their noon
To where the ſhade of *Jove*, outſtretch'd in length
A duſky cone immenſe, darkens the ſky
Thro many a region. To theſe bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each ſad orb,
Fading their luſtre; till they ſink involv'd
In total night, and diſappear eclips'd.
By this, the *Sage*, who, ſtudious of the ſkies,
Heedful explores theſe late-diſcover'd worlds,
By this obſerv'd, the rapid progreſs finds
Of light itſelf: how ſwift the headlong ray
Shoots from the ſun's height thro unbounded ſpace,
At once enlightning air, and earth, and heaven.

Laſt, outmoſt *Saturn* walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds; with his pale *moons*,
Faint-glimmering thro the darkneſs night has thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn:

An endleſs deſart, where extreme of cold
Eternal ſits, as in his native ſeat,
On wintry hills of never-thawing ice!
Such *Saturn*'s earth; and yet even here the ſight,
Amid theſe doleful ſcenes, new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty *ring*,
On each ſide riſing from th' horizon's verge,
Self-pois'd in air, with it's bright circle round
Encompaſſeth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad ſhade, caſt on it's eaſtern arch,
Climbs ſlowly to it's height: and at th' approach
Of morn returning, with like ſtealthy pace
Draws weſtward off; till thro the lucid round,
In diſtant view th' illumin'd ſkies are ſeen.

Beauteous appearance! by th' ALMIGHTY's hand
Peculiar faſhion'd.—Thine theſe noble works,
Great, univerſal Ruler! earth and heaven
Are thine, ſpontaneous offspring of thy *will*,
Seen with tranſcendent raviſhment ſublime,
That lifts the ſoul to thee! a holy joy,
By reaſon prompted, and by reaſon ſwell'd
Beyond all height—for Thou art infinite!
Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates: as at firſt thy hand

Diffus'd

Diffus'd thro endleſs ſpace this limpid ſky,
Vaſt ocean without ſtorm, where theſe huge globes
Sail undiſturb'd, a *rounding* voyage each;
Obſervant all of one unchanging *law*.
Simplicity divine! by this ſole *rule*,
The Maker's great eſtabliſhment, theſe worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central ſun
All gravitating: now with quicken'd pace
Deſcending toward the primal orb, and now
Receding flow, excurſive from his bounds.

This ſpring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Thro univerſal nature, firſt was known
To thee, great NEWTON! *Britain's* juſteſt pride,
The boaſt of human race; whoſe towering *thought*,
In her amazing progreſs unconfin'd,
From truth to truth aſcending, gain'd the height
Of ſcience, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up aſtoniſh'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality ſet free,
A *pure Intelligence* he wings his way
Thro wondrous ſcenes, new-open'd in the world
Inviſible, amid the general quire

Of ſaints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and raviſhes the ſoul!
His mind's clear viſion from all darkneſs purg'd,
For God himſelf ſhines forth immediate there,
Thro thoſe eternal climes, the frame of things,
In it's ideal harmony, to *him*
Stands all reveal'd.——
But how ſhall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of heaven,
Unfathomable, endleſs of extent!
Where unknown *ſuns* to unknown *ſyſtems* riſe,
Whoſe numbers who ſhall tell? ſtupenduous hoſt!
In flaming millions thro the vacant hung,
Sun beyond ſun, and world to world unſeen,
Meaſureleſs diſtance, unconceiv'd by thought!
Awful their order; each the central fire
Of his ſurrounding ſtars, whoſe whirling ſpeed,
Solemn and ſilent, thro the pathleſs void,
Nor change, nor error knows. But who, their ways,
By *Reaſon*, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Inſtructed can declare! What ſearch ſhall find
Their times and ſeaſons! their appointed laws,
Peculiar! their inhabitants of life,
And of intelligence, from ſcale to ſcale
Harmonious riſing and in fix'd degree;

Number-

Numberleſs orders, each reſembling each,
Yet all diverſe!—Tremenduous depth and height
Of wiſdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpreſſible, and ſtill preſerves,
An infinite of wonders!——Thou, ſupreme,
Firſt, Independent CAUSE, whoſe preſence fills
Nature's vaſt circle and whoſe pleaſure moves,
Father of human kind! the muſe's wing
Suſtaining guide, while to the heights of heaven,
Roaming th' interminable vaſt of ſpace,
She riſes, tracing thy almighty hand
In it's dread operations. Where is now
The ſeat of mankind, earth? where her great ſcenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
Aſſyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide *atlantic,* late diſclos'd?
Where is their place?—Let proud *Ambition* pauſe,
And ſicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds.—With earth, thoſe nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late ſo glorious ſeen,
And each a world, are now for ſight too ſmall;
Are almoſt loſt to thought. The ſun himſelf,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering ſtar amid the train of night!

While in theſe deep abyſſes of the ſky,
Spaces incomprehenſible, new ſuns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illuſtrious ſhine;
Arcturus here, and here the *Pleiades*,
Amid the northern hoſt: nor with leſs ſtate,
At ſumleſs diſtance, huge *Orion*'s orbs,
Each in his ſphere refulgent, and the noon
Of *Syrius*, burning thro the ſouth of heaven.

Myriads beyond with blended rays inflame
The *Milky Way*, whoſe ſtream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from ſun to ſun,
And whitens the long path to heaven's extreme:
Diſtinguiſh'd tract! But as with upward flight,
Soaring I gain th' immenſurable ſteep,
Contiguous ſtars, in bright profuſion ſown
Thro theſe wide fields, all broaden into *ſuns*,
Amazing, ſever'd each by gulphs of air,
In circuit ample as the ſolar heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endleſs day,
Day without cloud abides, alone and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I ſurvey

Now

Now downward thro the univerſal ſphere
Already paſt; now up to the heights untry'd,
And of th' enlarging proſpect find no bound!
About me on each hand new wonders riſe
In long ſucceſſion; here pure ſcenes of light,
Dazling the view; here nameleſs worlds afar,
Yet undiſcover'd: there a *dying ſun*,
Grown dim with age, whoſe orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick, vapory miſts,
From every ſhore exhaling, mix obſcure
Innumerable clouds, diſpreading ſlow,
And deepning ſhade on ſhade; till the faint globe,
Mournful of aſpect, calls in all his beams.
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror ſee, from diſtant ſpheres around,
The ſource of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlaſting night!

Such this dread revolution: heaven itſelf,
Subject to change, ſo feels the waſte of years.
So this cerulean round, the work divine
Of God's own hand, ſhall fade; and empty night
Reign ſolitary, where theſe ſtars now roll
From weſt to eaſt their periods: where the train

Of *comets* wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, thro th' immense
Of ether, traverling from sky to sky
Ten thousand regions, in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths; without resistance all
Thro these free spaces borne: of various face;
Enkindled *this* with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from it's orb in sanguine showers:
That, thro the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
Embody'd mists and vapors, whose dr'd mass
Keen-vibrates, streaming a red length of air.
While distant orbs, with wonder and amaze,
Mark it's approach, and night by night alarm'd
It's dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
Whose march is ever fatal; in whose train
Famine, and war, and desolating plague,
Each on his pale horse rides; the ministers
Of angry heaven, to scourge offending worlds!

But lo! where *one*, from some far world return'd,
Shines out with sudden glare thro yonder sky,
Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,

Deep-

Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguiſh'd lies.
By ſome *hid Power* attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, ſteep-deſcending, falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhauſted orb: and ſwift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffuſive thro the gloom, and ſpreads
In orient ſtreams to his fair train afar
Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.

In *ſtill* amazement loſt, th' awaken'd *Mind*
Contemplates this great view, a ſun reſtor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large *her* flight
Ranges theſe untrac'd ſcenes, progreſſive borne
Far thro ethereal ground, the boundleſs walk
Of *Spirits*, daily travellers from heaven;
Who paſs the *myſtic gulph* to journey here,
Searching th' ALMIGHTY MAKER in his works
From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp, extolling his high praiſe.

Immortal natures! cloath'd with brightneſs round,
Empyreal, from the ſource of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's ſtainleſs beam.
Their will unerring; their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whoſe object God alone: for all things elſe,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illuſive all, can charm the ſoul no more.
Sublime their intellect, and without ſpot,
Enlarg'd to draw truth's endleſs proſpect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time;
The train of beings, all by gradual ſcale
Deſcending, ſumleſs orders and degrees;
Th' unfounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfections; how theſe heavens firſt ſprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight, and meaſure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of heaven fulfil: ſome his fierce wrath
Bear thro the nations, peſtilence and war:
His copious goodneſs ſome, life, light and bliſs,
To thouſands. Some the fate of empires rule,

Commiſſion'd, ſheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch and the legal throne.

Nor is the ſovereign, nor th' illuſtrious great
Alone their care. To every leſſening rank
Of worth propitious, theſe *bleſt Minds* embrace
With univerſal love the juſt and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Depreſt by fortune, and with hate purſu'd,
Or inſult from the proud oppreſſor's brow.
Yet dear to heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when nature's faireſt face,
Calmly magnificent, inſpires the ſoul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forſake
The ſin-born vanities, and low purſuits,
That buſy human-kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekneſs and charity. Or rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardor, to ſurvey
The circuit of creation, all theſe ſuns
With all their worlds: and ſtill from height to height,
By things created riſing, laſt aſcend
To that First Cause, who made, who governs all,
Fountain of being, ſelf-exiſtent power,

All-

All-wise, all-good, who from eternal age
Endures, and fills th' immensity of space;
That infinite *Diffusion*, where the mind
Conceives no limits; undistinguish'd void,
Invariable, where no land-marks are,
No paths to guide imagination's flight.

AMYNTOR

AMYNTOR

AND

THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

ADDRESSED TO

The EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

THE

PREFACE.

THE following poem was originally intended for the ſtage, and planned out, ſeveral years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it neceſſary to change his firſt deſign, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reaſons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: tho, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, thoſe reaſons were invincibly ſtrong.

As the Scene of the piece is laid in the moſt remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or weſtern iſles that ſurround one part of Great Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in a little treatiſe publiſhed, near half a century ago, under the title of a Voyage to ST. KILDA. The Author, who had himſelf been upon the ſpot, deſcribes at length the ſituation, extent, and produce of that ſolitary Iſland; ſketches out the natural hiſtory of the birds of ſeaſon that tranſmigrate thither annually, and relates the ſingular cuſtoms that ſtill prevailed among the inhabitants: a race of people then the moſt uncorrupted

in

in their manners, and therefore the leaſt unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient hiſtorian ſays of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: *plus valuit apud* Hos *ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud* Graecos *omnia philoſophorum praecepta.*

They live together, as in the greateſt ſimplicity of heart, ſo in the moſt inviolable harmony and union of ſentiments. They have neither ſilver nor gold; but barter among themſelves for the few neceſſaries they may reciprocally want. To ſtrangers they are extremely hoſpitable, and no leſs charitable to their own poor; for whoſe relief each family in the iſland contributes it's ſhare monthly, and at every feſtival ſends them beſides a portion of mutton or beef. Both ſexes have a genius to poetry, and compoſe not only ſongs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of thoſe Iſlanders, having been prevailed with to viſit the greateſt trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely aſtoniſhed at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for ſuch he reckoned the lar-

ger

ger Iſles, by which they ſailed. He would not venture himſelf into the ſtreets of that city without being led by the hand. At ſight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but inſiſted that, in his native country of ST. KILDA, there were others ſtill higher. However, the caverns formed in it, ſo he named the pillars and arches on which it is raiſed, were hollowed, he ſaid, more commodiouſly than any he had ever ſeen there. At the ſhake occaſioned in the ſteeple, and the horrible din that ſounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmoſt conſternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the perſons who wore maſks, not diſtinguiſhing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of ſome ill thing, for which they did not dare to ſhew their faces. The beauty and ſtatelineſs of the trees which he ſaw then for the firſt time, as in his own Iſland there grows not a ſhrub, equally ſurpriſed and delighted him: but he obſerved, with a kind of terror, that as he paſſed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been perſuaded to drink a pretty large doſe of ſtrong waters; and upon finding himſelf drowſy after it, and ready to fall into a ſlumber which he fancied was to be his laſt, he expreſſed

preſſed to his companions the great ſatisfaction he felt in ſo eaſy a paſſage out of this world: for, ſaid he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among ſuch ſort of men it was that AURELIUS ſought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles the ſecond: when thoſe who governed Scotland under him, with no leſs cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country deſperate; and then plundered, impriſoned, or butchered them for the natural effects of ſuch deſpair. The beſt and worthieſt men were often the objects of their moſt unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or ſeditious, they affected to herd, and of courſe perſecuted, whoever wiſhed well to his country, or ventured to ſtand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, ſigned by King Charles himſelf, for military execution upon them without proceſs or conviction: and I know that the original is ſtill kept in the ſecretary's office for that part of the united kingdom.

dom. Thus much I thought it neceſſary to ſay, that the reader may not be miſled to look upon the relation given by AURELIUS in the ſecond canto, as drawn from the wantonneſs of imagination, when it hardly ariſes to ſtrict hiſtorical truth.

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foreſee: and, in his humble but happy retirement, he needs not be over-anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and conſiſtent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expreſſing them. If he has ſucceeded in theſe points, but above all in effectually touching the paſſions, which as it is the genuine province, ſo is it the great triumph, of poetry; the candor of his more diſcerning readers will readily overlook miſtakes or failures in things of leſs importance.

TO

TO

Mrs. MALLET.

THOU faithful Partner of a heart thy own,
Whoſe pain, or pleaſure, ſprings from thine alone;
Thou, true as honor, as compaſſion kind,
That, in ſweet union, harmonize thy mind:
Here, while thy eyes, for fad AMINTOR's woe,
And THEODORA's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wiſh to heaven preferr'd
For thee, for him, by gracious heaven be heard!
So *her* fair hour of fortune ſhall be thine,
Unmix'd; and all AMINTOR's fondneſs mine.
So, thro long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall *Love* light up, and *Friendſhip* cloſe our day:
Till, ſummon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
One ſigh ſhall end us, and one earth receive.

AMYNTOR

AND

THEODORA:

OR,

The HERMIT.

CANTO I.

FAR in the watry waſte, where his broad wave
From world to world the vaſt *Atlantis* rolls,
On from the piny ſhores of *Labrador*
To frozen *Thulé* caſt, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remoteſt KILDA liftis;
Laſt of the Sea-girt *Hebrides*, that guard,
In filial Train, *Britannia*'s parent-coaſt.
Thrice happy land! tho freezing on the verge
Of artic ſkies; yet, blameleſs ſtill of arts
That poliſh, to deprave, each ſofter clime,

With ſimple nature, ſimple virtue bleſt!
Beyond *Ambition*'s walk: where never *War*
Uprear'd his ſanguine ſtandard; nor unſheath'd,
For wealth or power, the deſolating ſword.
Where *Luxury*, ſoft Syren, who around
To thouſand Nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleaſing bane that ſoothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm *Content*
That lives to reaſon; antient *Faith* that binds
The plain community of guileleſs hearts
In love and union; *Innocence* of ill
Their guardian genius: theſe, the powers that rule
This little world, to all it's ſons ſecure
Man's happieſt life; the ſoul ſerene and ſound
From paſſion's rage, the body from diſeaſe.
Red on each cheek behold the roſe of health;
Firm in each ſinew vigor's plyant ſpring,
By Temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they ſtem, or on the ſteep
Of upright rocks their ſtraining ſteps ſurmount,
For food or paſtime. Theſe light up their morn,
And cloſe their eve in ſlumber ſweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling ſwell
Of oceans raging ſound. But laſt and beſt,

What

What *Avarice*, what *Ambition* ſhall not know,
True *Liberty* is theirs, the heaven-ſent gueſt,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With *Independence* dwells; and *Peace* of mind,
In youth, in age, their ſun that never ſets.

Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous *Muſe!* O whether from the depth
Of evening foreſt, brown with broadeſt ſhade;
Or from the brow ſublime of vernal alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
By ſome ſoft ſtream that ſlides with liquid foot
Thro' bowery groves, where *Inſpiration* ſits
And liſtens to thy lore, auſpitious come!
O'er theſe wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd ſhore,
Thy wing high-hovering ſpread; and to the gale,
The boreal ſpirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With anſwering cadence free, as beſt beſeems
The tragic theme my plaintive verſe unfolds.

Here, good AURELIUS——and a ſcene more wild
The world around, or deeper ſolitude,

Affliction could not find—AURELIUS here,
By fate unequal and the crime of War
Expell'd his native home, the ſacred vale
That ſaw him bleſt, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the ſlow remains of fetting life
In bitterneſs of thought: and with the ſurge,
And with the ſounding ſtorm his murmur'd moan
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance ſad
Th' unhappy paſt recall'd; a faithful *wife*,
Whom love firſt choſe, whom reaſon long endear'd,
His ſoul's companion and his ſofter friend;
With one fair *daughter*, in her roſy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceleſs left
Within a *tyrant*'s graſp! his *foe* profeſs'd,
By civil madneſs, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorſeleſs!——Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blaſt with ſighs;
Hung o'er it's edge, to ſwell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour: for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, deſolate of heart,
Pour all the huſband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguiſh; ſtretch'd along
The naked beach; or ſhivering on the cliff,

Smot-

Smote with the wintry pole in bitter ſtorm,
Hail ſnow and ſhower, dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours; till *Time*, the wretche's friend,
Life's great phyſician, ſkill'd alone to cloſe,
Where ſorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each ſullen ſpectre chace, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, thro every fever'd pulſe
With gentleſt hand infus'd. A penſive calm
Aroſe, but unaſſur'd: as after winds
Of ruffling wing, the ſea ſubſiding ſlow
Still trembles from the ſtorm. Now *Reaſon* firſt,
Her throne reſuming, bid *Devotion* raiſe
To heaven his eye; and thro the turbid miſts,
By ſenſe dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one CAUSE ſupreme,
All-juſt, all-wiſe, who bids what ſtill is beſt,
In cloud or ſun-ſhine; whoſe ſevereſt hand
Wounds but to heal, and chaſtens to amend.

Thus, in his boſom, every weak exceſs,
The rage of grief, the felneſs of revenge,
To healthful meaſure temper'd and reduc'd
By virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam

Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before th' aſcending ſun; thro faith he lives
Beyond time's bounded continent, the walks
Of ſin and death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he ſeems already there,
Safe on her ſacred ſhore; and ſees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
Still orient ſmiles, and one diffuſive ſpring,
That fears no ſtorm and ſhall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a ſigh
Yet murmurs from his breaſt; 'tis for the pangs
Thoſe deareſt names, a wife, a child, muſt feel,
Still ſuffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himſelf to mercy, may of heaven
That mercy, when moſt wanted, aſk in vain.

The ſun, now ſtation'd with the lucid *Twins*,
O'er every ſouthern clime had pour'd profuſe
The roſy year; and in each pleaſing hue,
That greens the leaf or thro the bloſſom glows
With florid light, his faireſt *Month* array'd:
While zephire, while the ſilver-footed dews,
Her ſoft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Freſh ſpirit breathe, and ſhed perfuming balm.

Nor

Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's waſte dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the riſe
Of *her* mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild-thyme flowering, betony and balme,
Blue lavender and carmel's ſpicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambroſiate every breeze.

But, high above, the ſeaſon full exerts
It's vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whoſe wild ſolitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of paſſage tranſmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At nature's ſummons their aëreal ſtate
Annual to found; and in bold voyage ſteer,
O'er this wide ocean, thro yon pathleſs ſky,
One certain flight to one appointed ſhore:
By heaven's directive ſpirit, here to raiſe
Their temporary realm; and form ſecure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And ſhelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:

Line 132. The root of this plant, otherwiſe named *argentilis ſylvaticus*, is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial to the ſtomach. See *Martin's Weſtern Iſles of* Scotland, p. 182.

Each tribe apart, and all on taſks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpleſs infants, piouſly intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely ſtep,
" And ruminating ſweet and bitter thought,
AURELIUS, from the weſtern bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amuſive ſcene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now caſt with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderneſs of waves,
From pole to pole thro boundleſs ſpace diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of ſea-born kinds, ten thouſand thouſand tribes,
Finds endleſs range for paſture and for ſport.
Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
Immeaſurable ſunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid ſphere;
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, conſociate ſever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourſe and love
Earth's univerſal family. Now roſe
Sweet evening's ſolemn hour. The ſun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;

Whoſe

Whoſe broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy viſage to the ſky
With ſplendor undiminiſh'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aëreal landſchape. Here, alone
On earth's remoteſt verge, AURELIUS breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the ſmiling ſcen
With awe-mix'd pleaſure, muſing as he hung
In ſilence o'er the billows huſh'd beneath.
When lo! a ſound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring roſe, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
At twilight-hour, remote and hollow heard
Thro wintry pines, high-waving o'er the ſteep
Of ſky-crown'd *Apenine*. The *Sea-Py* ceas'd
At once to warble. Screaming, from his neſt
The *Fulmar* ſoar'd, and ſhot a weſtward flight
From ſhore to ſea. On came, before her hour,
Invading night, and hung the troubled ſky
With fearful blackneſs round. Sad ocean's face
A curling undulation ſhivery ſwept
From wave to wave: and now impetuous roſe,
Thick cloud and ſtorm and ruin on his wing,
The raging *South*, and headlong o'er the deep

Line 189. See *Martin*'s voyage to *St. Kilda*, p. 58.

Fell horrible, with broad-deſcending blaſt.
Aloft, and ſafe beneath a ſheltering cliff,
Whoſe moſs-grown ſummit on the diſtant flood
Projected frowns, AURELIUS ſtood apall'd:
His ſtun'd ear ſmote with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains ſurging to the ſtars!
Commotion infinite. Where yon laſt wave
Blends with the ſky it's foam, a ſhip in view
Shoots ſudden forth, ſteep-falling from the clouds:
Yet diſtant ſeen and dim; till, onward borne
Before the blaſt, each growing ſail expands,
Each maſt aſpires, and all th' advancing frame
Pounds on his eye diſtinct. With ſharpen'd ken
It's courſe he watches, and in awful thought
That power invokes, whoſe voice the wild winds hear,
Whoſe nod the ſurge reveres, to look from heaven,
And ſave, who elſe muſt periſh, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyſs,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compaſs'd round.
But O ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death beſtrides the billow, nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can ſtay the flight
Of inſtant fate. And lo! his ſecret ſeat,
Where never ſun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidſt
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vaſt,

The

The ſtormy *Genius* of the deep forſakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Aſcending baleful, bids the tempeſt ſpread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
It's blackeſt pinion, pour it's loudening blaſts
In whirlwind forth, and from their loweſt depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ſhip, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks ſhort; her maſts in craſhing ruin fall;
And each rent ſail flies looſe in diſtant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
Steep from the clouds with horrid ſhade impends—
Ah! ſave them, heaven! it burſts in deluge down
With boundleſs undulation. Shore and ſky
Rebellow to the roar. At once engulph'd,
Veſſel and crew beneath it's torrent ſweep
Are ſunk, to riſe no more. AURELIUS wept:
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
He turn'd his ſtep; he fled the fatal ſcene,
And brooding, in ſad ſilence, o'er the ſight
To him alone diſcloſ'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heaven in ſighs: thy will be done,
Not mine, ſupreme DISPOSER of Events;

But death demands a tear, and man muſt feel
For human woes: the reſt ſubmiſſion checks.

Not diſtant far, where this receding bay
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands it's ſelf-pois'd concave; as the gate,
Ample and broad and pillar'd maſſy-proof,
Of ſome unfolding temple. On it's height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof ſpred, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As thro this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in penſive thought AURELIUS paſt,
Struck with ſad echoes from the ſounding vault
Remurmur'd ſhrill, he ſtop'd, he rais'd his head;
And ſaw th' aſſembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A ſhipwreck'd man. All-motionleſs on earth
He lay. The living luſtre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguiſh'd from his cheek:
And in their place, on each chill feature ſpred,
The ſhadowy cloud and ghaſtlineſs of death
With pale ſuffuſion ſat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, thro hovering miſts at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Faſt from his hairs diſtill'd

Line 248. See *Martin*'s voyage to *St. Kilda*, p. 20.

The

The briny wave: and close within his grasp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had stem'd the flood with agonizing breast,
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
He seem'd, and built by nature's noblest hand;
Where bold proportion, and where softening grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

Aurelius, from the breathless clay, his eye
To heaven imploring rais'd: then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
He bid transport it speedy thro the vale,
To his poor cell that lonely stood and low,
Safe from the north beneath a sloping hill:
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; it's roof with reverend moss
Light-shaded o'er; it's front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapory air with aromatic smells:
Then, drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain-plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal transe, as men from dreams
Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes:

While life, to ſcarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
His fluttering pulſe, and gradual o'er his cheek
The roſy current wins it's refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on heaven, on the ſurrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
Diſſolv'd in tears around: then cloſ'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length, in ſounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breaſt
Diſtraction ſpoke——Down, down with every ſail.
Mercy, ſweet heaven—Ha! now whole ocean ſweeps
In tempeſt o'er our heads—My ſoul's laſt hope!
We will not part—Help! help! yon wave, behold!
That ſwells betwixt, has borne her from my ſight.
O for a ſun to light this black abyſs!
Gone—loſt—for ever loſt! He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale aſſiſtants fell:
Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
AURELIUS bid depart. A pauſe enſu'd,
Mute, mournful, ſolemn. On the ſtranger's face
Obſervant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
Attentive ſeiz'd; now eager to begin
Conſoling ſpeech; now doubtful to invade
The ſacred ſilence due to grief ſupreme.

Then

Then thus at laſt. O from devouring ſeas
By miracle eſcap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy ſenſe return'd can yet diſcern the *Hand*,
All-wonderful, that thro yon raging ſea,
Yon whirling waſte of tempeſt, led thee ſafe;
That *Hand* divine with grateful awe confeſs,
With proſtrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Waſt number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain—th' almighty VOICE,
Then bade deſtruction ſpare, and bade the deep
Yield up it's prey: that by his mercy ſav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May juſtify; to all the ſons of men,
Thy brethren, ever preſent in their need.
Such praiſe delights him moſt——
He hears me not.
Some ſecret anguiſh, ſome tranſcendent woe
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Thro the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter ſtream——

Yet, ſpeak thy ſoul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myſelf moſt wretched and in ſorrow's ways

Severely train'd, to ſhare in every pang
The wretched feel; to ſoothe the ſad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every ſon and daughter of diſtreſs.
Speak then, and give thy laboring boſom vent:
My pity is, my friendſhip ſhall be, thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Thro reaſon's pathes, to happineſs and heaven.

The HERMIT thus: and after ſome ſad pauſe
Of muſing wonder, thus the MAN unknown.

What have I heard?—On this untravel'd ſhore,
Nature's laſt limit, hem'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourleſs, beyond all faith
A comforter to find! whoſe language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whoſe breaſt
The gracious meltings of ſweet pity move——
Amazement all! my grief to ſilence charm'd
Is loſt in wonder—But, thou good Unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to deſpair,
That wiſh no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
Combine to curſe; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repoſe

Deſcending

Deſcending ſhade——O ſon of this wild world!
From ſocial converſe tho for ever barr'd,
Tho chill'd with endleſs winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodneſs, form'd to tender ſenſe
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
By fairer ſuns attemper'd, courtly boaſt;
O ſay, did e'er thy breaſt, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from *Beauty* all-divine,
Did e'er thy boſom her ſweet influence own,
In pleaſing tumult pour'd thro every vein,
And panting at the heart, when firſt our eye
Receives impreſſion! Then, as paſſion grew,
Did heaven conſenting to thy wiſh indulge
That bliſs no wealth can bribe, no power beſtow,
That bliſs of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart ſtreaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendſhip, tenderneſs and truth—
If theſe thy fate diſtinguiſh'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my deſpair,
How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies loſt and bury'd there—O awful heaven!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameleſs head devoted, thou alone
Can'ſt tell what I have loſt—O ill-ſtarr'd *Maid!*

O moſt undone AMYNTOR!—Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice ſuppreſs'd:
The reſt was agony and dumb deſpair.

Now o'er their heads damp night her ſtormy gloom
Spred, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror cloſing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful ſcene,
The moving tale, AURELIUS deeply felt:
And thus reply'd, as one in nature ſkill'd,
With ſoft aſſenting ſorrow in his look,
And words to ſoothe, not combat hopeleſs love.

AMYNTOR, by that heaven who ſees thy tears!
By faith and friendſhip's ſympathy divine!
Could I the ſorrows heal I more than ſhare,
This boſom, truſt me, ſhould from thine transfer
It's ſharpeſt grief. Such grief, alas! how juſt?
How long in ſilent anguiſh to deſcend,
When *Reaſon* and when *Fondneſs* o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners? He, who can reſign,
Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the ſenſe,
The ſacred feeling of a loſs like thine,
Cold and inſenſible, thy breaſt were then
No manſion for humanity, or thought

Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
And tender pity; whoſe kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and ſanctifies the ſoul
They ſoften, not ſubdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our ſocial ſighs: and ſtill, as morn unveils
The brightening hill, or evening's miſty ſhade
It's brow obſcures, her gracefulneſs of form,
Her mind all-lovely, each enobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme. Then ſhalt thou hear
From me, in ſad return, a tale of woes,
So terrible—AMYNTOR, thy pain'd heart,
Amid it's own, will ſhudder at the ills
That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark,
And drowſy hour ſteals faſt upon our talk.
Here break we off: and thou, ſad mourner, try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely ſleep. Each gracious *Wing* from heaven
Of thoſe that miniſter to erring man,
Near-hovering, huſh thy paſſions into calm;
Serene thy ſlumbers with preſented ſcenes
Of brighteſt viſion; whiſper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodneſs ever ſhares:
And to us both be friendly as we need.

End of the Firſt Canto.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA: OR, The HERMIT.

CANTO II.

NOW midnight roſe, and o'er the general ſcene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackeſt veil,
Vapor and cloud. Around th' unſleeping *Iſle*,
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd;
And, in mix'd horror, to AMYNTOR's ear
Borne thro' the gloom, his ſhrinking ſenſe appall'd.
Shook by each blaſt, and ſwept by every wave,
Again pale *Memory* labors in the ſtorm:
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondneſs lov'd. And now, another ſhower
Of ſorrow, o'er the dear unhappy maid,
Effuſive ſtream'd; till late, thro every power
The ſoul ſubdu'd ſunk ſad to ſlow repoſe:

And

And all her darkening ſcenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pauſe from pain
Not long to laſt: for *Fancy*, oft awake
While *Reaſon* ſleeps, from her illuſive cell
Call'd up wild ſhapes of viſionary fear,
Of viſionary bliſs, the hour of reſt
To mock with mimic ſhews. And lo! the deeps
In airy tumult ſwell. Beneath a hill
AMYNTOR heaves of overwhelming ſeas;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the ſhadowy world
Shifts to ſome boundleſs continent unknown,
Where ſolitary, o'er the ſtarleſs void,
Dumb ſilence broods. Thro heaths of dreary length,
Slow on he drags his ſtaggering ſtep infirm
With breathleſs toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar thro the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightning with their glow the brown abyſs,
Roſe THEODORA. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the ſoft-conſenting ſoul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wiſh to hide.
A ſpring of ſudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath

Sung

Sung ſpouſals, as along th' enamel'd turf
They ſeem'd to fly, and interchang'd their ſouls,
Melting in mutual ſoftneſs. Thrice his arms
The Fair encircled: thrice ſhe fled his graſp,
And fading into darkneſs mix'd with air—
O turn! O ſtay thy flight!—ſo loud he cry'd,
Sleep and it's train of humid vapors fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward ſenſe
Yet glowing with the viſion's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering ſhadow blaz'd;
Her voice ſtill murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb freſh in every vein.
To frenzy ſtung, upſtarting from his couch,
The vale, the ſhore with darkling ſtep he roam'd,
Like ſome drear ſpectre from the grave unbound:
Then, ſcaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
Scarce from that height diſcern'd. Nor reaſon's voice,
Nor ow'd ſubmiſſion to the will of heaven,
Reſtrains him; but, as paſſion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance eſcap'd,
Tho paſſing all belief, the frailer ſkiff,

To

To which himſelf had borne th' unhappy Fair,
May yet be ſeen. Around, o'er ſea and ſhore,
He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor ſkiff, nor floating corſe, on which to ſhed
The laſt ſad tear, and lay the covering mold!

Tho now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progreſs comes
Aurora ſmiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and ſea: while, all-unveil'd,
The vaſt horizon on AMYNTOR's eye
Pours full it's ſcenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this ſteep,
Diffus'd immenſe in rowling proſpect lay
The northern deep. Amidſt, from ſpace to ſpace,
Her numerous iſles, rich gems of *Albion*'s crown,
As ſlow th' aſcending miſts diſperſe in air,
Shoot gradual from her boſom: and beyond,
Like diſtant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening ſkies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thouſand landſchapes! barren ſome and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock amazing up to heaven,
Of horrid grandeur: ſome with ſounding aſh,
Or oak broad-ſhadowing, or the ſpiry growth

Of

Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the ſun's adorning beam;
Who now, fair-riſing o'er yon eaſtern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Mean while AURELIUS, wak'd from ſweet repoſe,
Repoſe that *Temperance* ſheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful Gueſt
Came forth to hail, as hoſpitable rights
And virtue's rule enjoin: but firſt to HIM,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly ſenſe to glow, his matin-ſong,
Superior duty, thus the ſage addreſt.

Fountain of light! from whom yon orient ſun
Firſt drew his ſplendor; Source of life and love!
Whoſe ſmile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundleſs bluſh of ſpring; O Firſt and Beſt!
Thy eſſence, tho from human ſight and ſearch,
Tho from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himſelf,
Thy loweſt child of reaſon, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence ſupreme,
The maker's hand, on all his works impreſt,
In characters coëval with the ſun,

And

And with the ſun to laſt; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, diſclos'd,
Sole revelation thro all time the ſame.
Hail univerſal Goodneſs! with full ſtream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Thro earth, air, ſea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and ſea,
The great community of nature's ſons,
To thee, firſt *Father*, ceaſeleſs praiſe aſcend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not leaſt,
Nor loweſt; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where virtue leads to follow and be bleſt.
O whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is inſtant, ſtill vouchſafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameleſs on
Thro this dark ſcene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to chear.
All elſe, of me unaſk'd, thy will ſupreme
With-hold or grant: and let that will be done.

This from the ſoul in ſilence breath'd ſincere,
The hill's ſteep ſide with firm elaſtic ſtep

He

He lightly ſcal'd: ſuch health the frugal board,
The morn's freſh breath that exerciſe reſpires
In mountain-walks, and conſcience free from blame,
Our life's beſt cordial, can thro age prolong.
There, loſt in thought, and ſelf-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his hoſt,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. AURELIUS mov'd
By ſoft compaſſion, which the ſavage ſcene,
Shut up and barr'd amid ſurrounding ſeas
From human commerce, quicken'd into ſenſe
Of ſharper ſorrow, thus apart began.

O ſight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Even in their hour of vaineſt thought, might draw
A feeling tear! Whom yeſterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all poſſeſt
That *Fancy*, trans'd in faireſt viſion, dreams;
Now loſt to all, each hope that ſoftens life,
Each bliſs that chears; there, on the damp earth ſpred,
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondneſs drawn

To

To this ſad ſcene, to ſights that but inflame
It's tender anguiſh—
Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, could that anguiſh riſe
To madneſs and to mortal agony
I yet would bleſs my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought,
For ever freed. To me the ſun is loſt:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkneſs, is deſpair—But who complains
Forgets that he can dy. O ſainted maid!
For ſuch in heaven thou art, if from thy ſeat
Of holy reſt, beyond theſe changeful ſkies,
If names on earth moſt ſacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet theſe names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeleſs limbs: that I—O grief ſupreme!
O fate remorſeleſs! was thy lover ſav'd
For ſuch a taſk?—that I thoſe dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at laſt may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and weeping there,
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to cloſe
Theſe eyes in peace, and mix this duſt with thine!

Such and ſo dire, reply'd the cordial *friend*
In pity's look and language, ſuch, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can moſt afflict, grief, agony, deſpair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This boſom ravag'd. Hearken then, good youth;
My ſtory mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it ſeems, to ballance and to bear.

In me, a man behold, whoſe morn ſerene,
Whoſe noon of better life, with honor ſpent,
In virtuous purpoſe or in honeſt act,
Drew fair diſtinction on my public name,
From thoſe among mankind, the nobler few,
Whoſe praiſe is fame: but there, in that true ſource
Whence happineſs with pureſt ſtream deſcends,
In home-found peace and love, ſupremely bleſt!
Union of hearts, conſent of wedded wills,
By friendſhip knit, by mutual faith ſecur'd,
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven, the ſame!
At laſt, AMYNTOR, in my failing age,
Fallen from ſuch height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that ſtill

Stings

Stings deep the heart and cloathes the cheek with ſhame!
Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone ſhould fear,
The hand of public vengeance; 'arm'd by rage,
Not juſtice; rais'd to injure, not redreſs;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O ſovereign REASON! all deriv'd
From POWER that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by HIMSELF obſerv'd,
The GOD preſcribes whoſe ſanction KINGS pretend!

O CHARLES! O monarch! in long-exile train'd,
Whole hopeleſs years, th' oppreſſor's hand to know,
How hateful and how hard; thy ſelf relievd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by thoſe days
Of want and woe, of danger and deſpair,
As heaven has thine, to pity their diſtreſs!

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far th' unhallow'd license of abuſe;
Be far the bitterneſs of faintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name

Maſks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In Juſtice founded, circumſcrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too:
Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and ſum of human bliſs,
Fair Freedom, birth-right of all thinking kinds,
Reaſon's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's *right divine*,
Which GOD, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

But if, diſclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This firſt beſt tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the bleſſing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not ſhepherd, of his ſubject-flock,
To grind and tear, not ſhelter and protect,
Wide-waſting where he reigns—to ſuch a prince,
Allegiance kept were treaſon to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For ſay, AMYNTOR, does juſt heaven enjoin
That we ſhould homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame and in one boundleſs grave
Engulph their thouſands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet ſuch, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our ſervile ſtripes and chains,

Our

Our ſighs and groans reſounding from the ſteep
Of wintry hill, or waſte untravel'd heath,
Laſt refuge of our wretchedneſs, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to cruſh the head
It ought to ſcreen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortunes ſunk:
My ſelf, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the ſocial life renounc'd,
Unſummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To ſhameful death adjudg'd; againſt my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let looſe the murderous cry of human hounds.
And this blind fury of commiſſion'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal Foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direſt name,
Was given in charge: a Foe, whom blood-ſtain'd zeal
For what—O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!
Leſt thy rous'd thunder burſt— for what was deem'd
Religion's cauſe, had ſavag'd to a brute,
More deadly fell than hunger ever ſtung

To prowl in wood or wild. His hand he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miſcreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthleſs up. As tygers on their prey,
On my defenceleſs lands thoſe fiercer beaſts
Devouring fell: nor that ſequeſter'd ſhade,
That ſweet receſs, where love and virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which war itſelf
Beheld with reverence, could their fury ſcape;
Deſpoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in waſteful flames:
For flame and rapine their conſuming march,
From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
Embody'd locuſts from the wing deſcend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year;
While, waſte behind, deſtruction on their track
And ghaſtly famine wait. My wife and child
He drag'd, the ruffian drag'd—O heaven! do I,
A man, ſurvive to tell it? at the hour
Sacred to reſt, amid the ſighs and tears
Of all who ſaw and curs'd his coward-rage,
He forc'd unpitying from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My laſt retreat to learn; and ſtill detains
Beneath his roof accurſt. That beſt of wives!

EMILIA!

EMILIA! and our only pledge of love,
My blooming THEODORA!—Manhood there,
And nature bleed—Ah! let not busy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
Discovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck; once more to desperation sink
My hopes in heaven. He said: but O sad *Muse!*
Can all thy moving energy, of power
To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,
With words that weep, and strains that agonize;
Call all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what AMYNTOR feels? O heaven! art thou—
What have I heard?—AURELIUS! art thou He?—
Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
And O most wretched too! alas, no more,
No more a father—On that fatal flood,
Thy THEODORA—At these words he fell.
A deadly cold ran freezing thro his veins:
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forsake. As on his way
The traveller, from heaven by lightning struck,
Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
With terror glaring wild; his stiffening limbs

In ſudden marble bound: ſo ſtood, ſo look'd
The heart-ſmote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No ſigh to riſe,
No tear had force to flow; his ſenſes all,
Thro all their powers, ſuſpended, and ſubdu'd
To chill amazement. Silence for a ſpace —
Such diſmal ſilence ſaddens earth and ſky
Ere firſt the thunder breaks—on either ſide
Fill'd up this interval ſevere. At laſt,
As from ſome viſion that to frenzy fires
The ſleeper's brain, AMYNTOR waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
Let all thy wrongs be viſited; and thus
My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hoſtile point.—His lifted arm,
AURELIUS, tho with deep diſmay and dread
And anguiſh ſhook, yet his ſuperior ſoul
Collecting, and reſuming all himſelf,
Seiz'd ſudden: then peruſing with ſtrict eye,
And beating heart, AMYNTOR's blooming form;
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length beſpoke.

O dire

O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet ſtay
Thy hand ſelf-violent; nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature ſhrinks from, and to which
Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man firſt violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
Reſign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
Of fair diſmiſſion hence; ſhall man do this,
Then dare thy preſence, ruſh into thy ſight,
Red with the ſin, and recent from the ſtain,
Of unrepented blood? Call home thy ſenſe;
Know what thou art, and own his hand moſt juſt,
Rewarding or afflicting—But ſay on.
My ſoul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recals thy words, recals their dire import:
They urge me on; they bid me aſk no more—
What would I aſk? My THEODORA's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then ſin'd,
Good heaven! beyond all grace—But ſhall I blame
His rage of grief, and in my ſelf admit
It's wild exceſs? Heaven gave her to my wiſh;
That gift Heaven has reſum'd: righteous in both,
For both his providence be ever bleſt!

By ſhame repreſs'd, with riſing wonder fill'd,
AMYNTOR, ſlow-recovering into thought,
Submiſſive on his knee, the good man's hand
Graſp'd cloſe, and bore with ardor to his lips.
His eye, where fear, confuſion, reverence ſpoke,
Thro ſwelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now roſe to meet, now ſhun'd the HERMIT's glance,
Shot awful at him: till, the various ſwell
Of paſſion ebbing, thus he faltering ſpoke:

What haſt thou done? why ſav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing even thy goodneſs muſt abhor.
Miſtaken man! the honor of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all muſt be my foes.
I am——AURELIUS! turn that look aſide,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can ſay,
Abhorrent ſay, he is—Forgive me, heaven!
Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond
ROLANDO's ſon: by your more ſacred ties,
As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
For crimes like his ——

ROLANDO's ſon? Juſt heaven!

Ha!

Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
All-terrible arising, shakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
The *Father*'s heart, the seas are spred between.
Were great revenge!—Away: revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd
Even to the crime my reason most condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he spoke;
And his own ponyard o'er the prostrate youth
Suspended held. But as, the welcome blow,
With arms display'd AMYNTOR seem'd to court,
Behold, in sudden confluence gathering round
The *Natives* stood; whom kindness hither drew,
The *Man* unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as antient rites ordain,
To succour and to serve. Before them came
MONTANO, venerable sage, whose head
The hand of time with twenty winters' snow
Had shower'd; and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,
AURELIUS drew apart, and in his care
AMYNTOR plac'd; to lodge him and secure;

To ſave him from himſelf, as one, with grief
Tempeſtuous, and with rage, diſtemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He ſought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

The End of the Second Canto.

AMYNTOR

AND

THEODORA:

OR,

The HERMIT.

CANTO III.

WHERE *Kilda*'s ſouthern hills their ſummit lift
With triple fork to heaven, the mounted ſun
Full, from the midmoſt, ſhot in dazling ſtream
His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
Were ſeen ſlow-pacing weſtward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot purſuing foot,
And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the ſhore,
Around it's rocks to graze: for, ſtrange to tell!

The

Line 9. The cows often feed on the *alga marina*: and they can diſtinguiſh exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; the

The hour of ebb, tho ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her courſe inconſtant, their ſure inſtinct feels,
Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,
To all it's creatures equal in it's care,
Unerring mov'd. Theſe ſigns obſerv'd, that guide
To labor and repoſe a ſimple race,
Theſe native ſigns to due repaſt at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate life:
All but AURELIUS. He, unhappy man,
By nature's voice ſolicited in vain,
Nor hour obſerv'd, nor due repaſt partook.
The CHILD no more! the MOTHER's fate untold!
Both in black proſpect riſing to his eye!
'Twas anguiſh there; 'twas here diſtracting doubt!
Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reaſon, oft the doubtful ſcale
Inclin'd alternate, ſummoning each aid
That virtue leads, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior riſing, in the might of HIM,

Who

tho, at the ſame time, they are not within view of the ſhore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they ſteer their courſe directly to the neareſt ſhore, in their uſual order, one after another. I had occaſion to make this obſervation thirteen times in one week. *Martin's Weſtern Iſles of* Scotland, p. 156.

Who ſtrength from weakneſs, as from darkneſs light,
Omnipotent can draw; again reſign'd,
Again he ſacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
Each ſoothing weakneſs of a parent's breaſt;
The ſigh ſoft memory prompts; the tender tear,
That, ſtreaming o'er an object lov'd and loſt,
With mournful magic tortures and delights,
Relieves us, while it's ſweet oppreſſion loads,
And, by admitting, blunts the ſting of woe.

As reaſon thus the mental ſtorm ſeren'd,
And thro the darkneſs ſhot her ſun-bright ray
That ſtrengthens while it cheers; behold from far
AMYNTOR ſlow-approaching! On his front,
O'er each ſunk feature ſorrow had diffus'd
Attraction, ſweetly ſad. His noble port,
Majeſtic in diſtreſs, AURELIUS mark'd;
And, unreſiſting, felt his boſom flow
With ſocial ſoftneſs. Strait, before the door
Of his moſs-ſilver'd cell they ſat them down
In counterview: and thus the youth began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
AMYNTOR's ſtory: then, as Juſtice ſees,

On

On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Abſolve him or condemn——But O, may I,
A father's name, when truth forbids to praiſe,
Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every ſon
By heaven made ſacred; and by nature's hand,
With honor, duty, love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd ſtrongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.——Theſe eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of ſanguinary *zeal*
Too near beheld: it's madneſs how extreme;
How blind it's fury, by the prompting prieſt,
Each tyrant's ready inſtrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy miſchief. Scene abhorr'd!
Fell *cruelty* let looſe in mercy's name:
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heavieſt chains were caſt, her iron-ſcourge
Severeſt hung, yet daring to appeal
That POWER whoſe law is meekneſs; and, for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.

Flexile of will, misjudging tho ſincere,
ROLANDO caught the ſpred infection, plung'd
Implicite into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His courſe unjuſt to violence and rage.

Unmanly

Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of BEAUTY, nor the MATRON's ſacred age,
Secure from wrongs could innocence ſecure,
Found reverence or diſtinction. Yet, ſuſtain'd
By conſcious worth within, the matchleſs PAIR
Their threatening fate, impriſonment and ſcorn
And death denounc'd, unſhrinking, unſubdu'd
To murmur or complaint, ſuperior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude reſign'd,
Not built on pride, not courting vain applauſe;
But calmly conſtant, without effort great,
What reaſon dictates, and what heaven approves.

But how proceed, AURELIUS? in what ſounds
Of gracious cadence, of aſſuaſive power,
My further ſtory cloathe? O could I ſteal
From harmony her ſofteſt-warbled ſtrain
Of melting air! or zephire's vernal voice!
Or philomela's ſong, when love diſſolves
To liquid blandiſhment his evening-lay,
All nature ſmiling round! then might I ſpeak;
Then might AMYNTOR, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and ſecret thro his breaſt,
As morning riſes o'er the midnight-ſhade,

What

What firſt was ow'd humanity to *both*,
Aſſiſting piety and tender thought,
Grew ſwift and ſilent into love for *one*:
My ſole offence—if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards it's flame.

O THEODORA! who thy world of charms,
That ſoul of ſweetneſs, that ſoft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could ſee? that dignity of eaſe,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as ſome equal ſtream
From it's unfailing ſource! and then too ſeen
In milder lights; by ſorrow's ſhading hand
Touch'd into power more exquiſitely ſoft,
By tears adorn'd, intender'd by diſtreſs.
O ſweetneſs without name! when *Love* looks on
With *Pity*'s melting eye, that to the ſoul
Endears, ennobles *Her*, whom fate afflicts,
Or fortune leaves unhappy! Paſſion then
Refines to virtue: then a purer train
Of heaven-inſpir'd emotions, undebas'd
By ſelf-regard, or thought of due return,

The breaſt expanding, all it's powers exalt
To emulate what reaſon beſt conceives
Of love celeſtial; whoſe prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguiſh inly bleeds,
From pain it's ſting, it's bitterneſs from woe!

By this plain courtſhip of the honeſt heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle Maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With ſmiles of kind aſſent, with looks that ſpoke,
In bluſhing ſoftneſs, her chaſte boſom touch'd
To mutual love. O fortune's faireſt hour!
O ſeen but not enjoy'd, juſt hail'd and loſt
It's flattering brightneſs! THEODORA's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught ROLANDO's eye:
And love, if wild deſire, of fancy born,
By furious paſſions nurs'd, that ſacred name
Profanes not love his ſtubborn breaſt diſſolv'd
To tranſient goodneſs. But my thought ſhrinks back,
Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of ſilence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious ſuit repell'd,

Aw'd

Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip ſevere
Daſh'd with indignant ſcorn; each harbour'd thought
Of ſoft emotion or of ſocial ſenſe,
Love, pity, kindneſs, alien to a foul
That bigot-rage emboſoms, fled at once:
And all the ſavage reaſſum'd his breaſt.
'Tis juſt, he cry'd: who thus invites diſdain,
Deſerves repulſe; he who, by ſlave-like arts,
Would meanly ſteal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual bluſh to ſpare,
Thine from diſſembling, from baſe flattery mine,
Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal ſcorn
Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to *both*,
To *one* prov'd fatal. Silent-waſting grief,
The mortal worm that on EMILIA's frame
Had prey'd unſeen, now deep thro all her powers
It's poiſon ſpred, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, ſhe ſunk beneath this double weight
Of ſhame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
AURELIUS, O moſt injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exaſperating, add
To woe, new anguiſh? and to grief, deſpair——
She is no more———
O providence ſevere!

AURELIUS

Aurelius ſmote his breaſt, and groaning cry'd;
But curb'd a ſecond groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief: and to the *Will* ſupreme,
In juſtice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor ſigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature tho aſſail'd,
Eſcap'd his lips. What! ſhall we from heaven's grace
With life receiving happineſs, our ſhare
Of ill refuſe? And are afflictions aught
But mercies in diſguiſe? th' alternate cup,
Medicinal tho bitter, and prepar'd
By love's own hand for ſalutary ends.
But were they ills indeed; can fond complaint
Arreſt the wing of time? Can grief command
This noon-day ſun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eaſtern coaſt, and bring again
The hours of yeſterday? or from the womb
Of that unſounded deep the bury'd corſe
To light and life reſtore? Bleſt pair, farewel!
Yet, yet a few ſhort days of erring grief,
Of human fondneſs ſighing in the breaſt,
And ſorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
And let me call thee ſon (for O that name
Thy faith, thy friendſhip, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too ſadly have deſerv'd)

On

On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore. The patient man
Thus ſpoke: AMYNTOR thus his ſtory cloſ'd.

As dumb with anguiſh round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine ſhe faintly rais'd
Her cloſing eyes; then fixing, in cold gaze,
On THEODORA's face——O ſave my child!
She ſaid: and, ſhrinking from her pillow, ſlept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I ſaw her ſhrouded; bid eternal peace
Her ſhade receive, and, with the trueſt tears
Affection ever wept, her duſt bedew'd.

What then remain'd for honor or for love?
What, but that ſcene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd and terrible with death,
ROLANDO's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When ſhade and ſilence o'er this nether orb
With drowſieſt influence reign, the waining moon
Aſcending mournful in the midnight-ſphere;
On that drear ſpot, within whoſe cavern'd womb
EMILIA ſleeps, and by the turf that veils
Her honor'd clay, alone and kneeling there

I found

I found my THEODORA! Thrill'd with awe,
With ſacred terror, which the time, the place,
Pour'd on us, ſadly-ſolemn, I too bent
My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand
Acroſs her parent's grave. By this dread ſcene!
By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By death's dark empire! by the ſheeted duſt
That once was man, now mouldring here below!
But chief by *her's*, at whoſe nocturnal tomb,
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
Th' unbody'd ſpirit hovering near, perhaps,
As witneſs to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence:
To where, ſafe-ſtation'd in a ſecret bay,
Rough of deſcent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We ſail'd—But, O my Father; can I ſpeak
What yet remains? yon ocean black with ſtorm!
It's uſeleſs ſails rent from the groaning pine!
The ſpeechleſs crew aghaſt! and that loſt *Fair!*
Still, ſtill I ſee her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm,

Expiring,

Expiring, ſinking with her fears ſhe hung!
I kiſs'd her pale cold cheek: with tears adjur'd,
And won at laſt, with ſums of profer'd gold,
The boldeſt mariners, this pretious charge
Inſtant to ſave; and, in the ſkiff ſecur'd,
Their oars acroſs the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
A ſea ſwell'd o'er and plung'd me in the gulph.
Nor me alone: it's broad and billowing ſweep
Muſt have involv'd her too. Myſterious heaven!
My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it muſt be ſo! the judgment due
To me and mine: or was AMYNTOR ſav'd
For it's whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For ſtorms more fierce? for pains of ſharper ſting?
And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief ſupply'd:
With arms outſpred, with eyes in hopeleſs gaze
To heaven uplifted, motionleſs and mute
He ſtood, the mournful ſemblance of deſpair.

The lamp of day, tho from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardor, ſhot on earth
Oppreſſive brightneſs round; till in ſoft ſteam,

From

From ocean's boſom his light vapors drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the ſky
Their veil diffuſive ſpred; the ſcene abroad
Soft-ſhadowing, vale and plain and dazzling hill.
AURELIUS, with his gueſt, the weſtern cliff
Aſcending ſlow, beneath it's marble roof,
From whence in double ſtream a lucid ſource
Rowl'd ſounding forth, and where with dewy wing
Freſh breezes play'd, ſought refuge and repoſe,
Till cooler hours ariſe. The ſubject *Iſle*
Her village-capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary gods; her ſmall domain
Of arable and paſture, vein'd with ſtreams
That branching bear refreſhful moiſture on
To field and mead; her ſtraw-roof'd temple rude,
Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view. From ſcene to ſcene around
AURELIUS gaz'd; and, ſighing, thus began.

Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are ſons of ſorrow born.
Heirs of tranſmitted labor and diſeaſe,
Of pain and grief, from ſire to ſon deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all muſt bear
Th' impoſs'd condition of their mortal ſtate,

Viciſſitude of ſuffering. Caſt thine eye
Where yonder vale, AMYNTOR, ſloping ſpreads
Full to the noon-tide beam it's primroſe-lap,
From hence due eaſt. AMYNTOR look'd and ſaw,
Not without wonder at a ſight ſo ſtrange,
Where *thrice three Females*, earneſt each and arm'd
With rural inſtruments, the ſoil prepar'd
For future harveſt. *Theſe* the trenchant ſpade,
To turn the mold and break th' adheſive clods,
Employ'd aſſiduous. *Thoſe*, with equal pace
And arm alternate, ſtrew'd it's freſh lap white
With fruitful *Ceres*: while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'erlabour'd drew, and cloſ'd the toilſome taſk.

Behold! AURELIUS thus his ſpeech renew'd,
From that ſoft ſex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like theſe, the taſk of rougher man,
What yet neceſſity demands ſevere.
Twelve ſuns have purpled theſe encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy ſummits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkneſs, ſince, in unpropitious hour,
The *Huſbands* of thoſe widow'd *Mates*, who now

For both muſt labor, launch'd, in queſt of food,
Their *iſland-ſkiff* adventurous on the deep.
Them, while the ſweeping net ſecure they plung'd
The finny race to ſnare, whoſe foodful ſhoals
Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
As annual on from ſhore to ſhore they move
In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the ſouth a guſt of furious wing,
Upſpringing, drove to ſea: and left in tears
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the ſurging tide, and broken oars,
To ſight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before ſurmiz'd; one general groan,
To heaven aſcending, ſpoke the general breaſt
With ſharpeſt anguiſh pierc'd. Their ceaſeleſs plaint,
Thro theſe hoarſe rocks, on this reſounding ſhore,
At morn was heard: at midnight too were ſeen,
Diſconſolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners ſpred, exploring land and ſea
With eager gaze—till from yon *leſſer Iſle*,
Yon round of moſs-clad hills, *Borera* nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the ſoaring lark,
It's dizzy cliffs aſpire, hung round and white
With curling miſts—at laſt from yon hoar hills,

Inflaming the brown air with ſudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, *thrice three* fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonleſs ſky,
Our eyes, yet unbelieving, ſaw diſtinct,
Succeſſive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild exceſs,
Took her gay turn to reign; and nature now
From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
By ſad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky priſon to releaſe
Whom the deep ſea immures (their only boat
Deſtroy'd) and whom th' inevitable ſiege
Of hunger muſt aſſault. But hope ſuſtains
The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught ſkill and vigor not their own,
On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare.

AMYNTOR, who the tale diſtreſsful heard
With ſympathizing ſorrow, on himſelf,
On his ſeverer fate, now pondering deep,
Rapt by ſad thought the hill unheeding left;

Line 354. The author, who relates this ſtory, adds, that the produce of grain that ſeaſon was the moſt plentiful they had ſeen for many years before. *Vide Martin's deſcript. of the Weſtern Iſles of* Scotland, p. 286.

And

And reach'd, with ſwerving ſtep, the diſtant ſtrand.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or ſailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening roſe, a thouſand wings,
The ſummer-nations of theſe pregnant cliffs,
Play'd ſportive round, and to the ſun outſpred
Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam that animates and chears
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidſt
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breaſt
Wav'd one unbounded bluſh: a ſcene to ſtrike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, loſt to outward ſenſe, AMYNTOR paſs'd
Regardleſs on, thro other walks convey'd
Of baleful proſpect; which pale *Fancy* rais'd
Inceſſant to her ſelf, and ſabled o'er
With darkeſt night, meet region for deſpair!
Till northward, where the rock it's ſea-waſh'd baſe
Projects athwart and ſhuts the bounded ſcene,
Rounding it's point, he rais'd his eyes and ſaw,
At diſtance ſaw, deſcending on the ſhore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of *men unknown*
A double band, who by their geſtures ſtrange

There fix'd him wondering: for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as seem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise.
Then, slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either side supported, onward came
Pale and of piteous look, a pensive *Maid*;
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound—Oh all ye powers!
AMYNTOR startling cry'd, and shot his soul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill: my feet are rooted here—and see!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The *Spirits* who this ocean waste and wild
Sill hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
Presenting oft in picture'd visions strange
The dead or absent, have you shape adorn'd,
So like my love, of undoubted air,
Embody'd, feature'd it with all her charms——
And lo! behold! it's eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!
He ran, he flew: his clasping arms receiv'd
Her sinking weight—O earth, and air, and sea!
'Tis she! 'tis THEODORA! Power divine,

Whose

Whose goodness knows no bound; thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy! As he spoke,
Adown his cheek, thro shivering joy and doubt,
The tear fast-falling stream'd. My love! my life!
Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
Than all the shineless wealth this sea entombs,
My THEODORA, yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor AMYNTOR calls thee! At that name,
That potent name, her spirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, she trembling rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name: then sunk again;
Then swoon'd upon his bosom, thro excess
Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The rose-bud thus, that to the beam serene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
For now, while on her face these men unknown

The ſtream, with cool aſperſion, buſy caſt,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them—his friends! th' adventurous few,
Who bore her to the ſkiff! whoſe daring ſkill
Had ſav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek,
Rekindling life, like morn, it's light diffus'd
In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
How to yon *Iſle*, yon round of moſs-clad hills,
Borera nam'd, before the tempeſt borne,
Theſe *Iſlanders*, *thrice three*, then priſon'd there,
(So heaven ordain'd) with utmoſt peril run,
With toil invincible, from ſhelve and rock
Their boat preſerv'd, and to this happy coaſt
It's prow directed ſafe—He heard no more:
The reſt already known, his every ſenſe,
His full-collected ſoul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while theſe ſounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

AMYNTOR! O my life's recover'd hope!
My ſoul's deſpair and rapture!—can this be?
Am I on earth? and do theſe arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!

Ye

Ye ſhores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet truſt my ſenſe?—O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himſelf! My eyes, my bounding heart
Confeſs their living lord! What ſhall I ſay?
How vent the boundleſs tranſport that expands
My laboring thought? th' unutterable bliſs,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breaſt they charm—AMYNTOR, O ſupport
This ſwimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cauſe thy heart
A ſecond pang. At this, dilated high
The ſwell of joy, moſt fatal where it's force
Is felt moſt exquiſite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er it's charge,
With ſheltering wing, ſolicitouſly good,
The guardian-Genius hovers, ſo the youth,
On her lov'd face, aſſiduous and alarm'd,
In ſilent fondneſs dwelt: while all his ſoul,
With trembling tenderneſs of hope and fear
Pleaſingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breaſt,
Attempering, to compoſe, and gradual fit
For further joy her ſoft impreſſive frame.

O happy! tho as yet thou know'ſt not half
The bliſs that waits thee! but, thou gentleſt mind,
Whoſe ſigh is pity, and whoſe ſmile is love,
For all who joy or ſorrow, arm thy breaſt
With that beſt temperance, which from fond exceſs,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height it's powers,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
On wonder wait—ſafe refug'd in this *Iſle*,
Thy god-like father lives! and lo—but curb,
Repreſs the tranſport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whoſe reverend ſteps
The mountain's ſide deſcend!—Abrupt from his
Her hand ſhe drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the ſpace between. *He* ſaw, he knew,
Aſtoniſh'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His THEODORA! To his arms he rais'd
The loſt lov'd fair, and in his boſom preſs'd.
My father!—O my child! at once they cry'd:
Nor more. The reſt ecſtatic ſilence ſpoke,
And nature from her inmoſt ſeat of ſenſe
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bleſt ſcene,
Where emulous in either boſom ſtrove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,

Around

Around with ſoftening aſpect ſeem'd to ſmile;
And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this bliſsful hour: the joy,
With inſtant flow, from ſhore to ſhore along
Diffuſive ran; and all th' exulting iſle
About the *new-arriv'd* was pour'd abroad,
To hope long loſt, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain boſom *love* and *nature* wept:
While each a ſire, a huſband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiſs'd.
Now, while the ſong,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Beſt harmony, their grateful ſouls effus'd
Aloud to heaven; MONTANO, reverend *Seer*,
(Whoſe eye prophetic far thro time's abyſs
Could ſhoot it's beam, and there the births of fate,
Yet immature and in their cauſes hid,
Illumin'd ſee) a ſpace abſtracted ſtood:
His frame with ſhivery horror ſtirr'd, his eyes
From outward viſion held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding ſcene,

On fluid air, as in a mirror, ſeen,
And glowing radiant to his mental ſight.

They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair *Albion*'s heaven o'ercaſt!
With tempeſt delug'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while dawning roſy round
A purer morning lights up all her ſkies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal WILLIAM, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious ſeas,
White with the ſails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating foreſt, ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore!
See! with ſpred wing *Britannia*'s GENIUS flys,
Before his prow; commands the ſpeeding gales
To waft him on; and, o'er the Hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the lawrel-crown,
Bleſt emblem, peace with liberty reſtor'd!
And hark! from either ſtrand, which nations hide,
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! AURELIUS, man
By heaven belov'd, thou too that ſacred ſun
Shalt live to hail; ſhalt warm thee in his ſhine!
I ſee thee on the flowery lap diffus'd

Of

Of thy lov'd vale, amid a ſmiling race
From this *bleſt Pair* to ſpring: whom equal faith,
And equal fondneſs, in ſoft league ſhall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy laſt day to ſweeten and adorn;
Thro life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!

THE END.

BRITANNIA:

A

MASQUE.

WRITTEN IN 1755.

ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN DRURY-LANE.

The PERSONS represented.

BRITANNIA,	Mrs. JAFFERSON.
GENIUS,	Miſs ISABELLA YOUNG.
MARS,	Mr. BEARD.
SERJEANT,	Mr. CHAMPNESS.
TRITON,	Mr. VERNON.
NEPTUNE,	Mr. CHAMPNESS.
BOATSWAIN,	Mr. BEARD.
NANCEY,	Miſs THOMAS.

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, *&c.*

The MUSIC compoſed by Mr. ARNE.

PROLOGUE:

ſpoken by Mr. GARRICK,*
in the character of a Sailor, fuddled
and talking to himſelf.

He enters, ſinging,
How pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes——

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow?
A ſailor, half ſeas o'er——'s a pretty fellow!
*What cheer ho? * Do I carry too much ſail?*

* to the pit.

No—tight and trim—I ſcud before the gale —

* he ſtaggers forward, then ſtops.

But ſoftly tho—the veſſel ſeems to heel:
Steddy! my boy—ſhe muſt not ſhew her keel.
And now, thus ballaſted—what courſe to ſteer?
Shall I again to ſea—and bang Mounſeer?
Or ſtay on ſhore, and toy with Sall *and* Sue—
Doſt love 'em, boy?—By this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is ſurely moſt inviting:
There's nothing better, faith—ſave ſlip and fighting:

* Some of the lines too were written by him.

For

For ſhall we ſons of beef and freedom ſtoop,
Or lower our flag to ſlavery and ſoup?
What! ſhall theſe Parly-vous make ſuch a racket,
And we not lend a hand, to lace their jacket?
Still ſhall old England be your Frenchman's butt?
Whene'er he ſtuffies, we ſhould always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—Stay—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to ſee the ſhow?
Pulls out a play-bill.
From this ſame paper we ſhall underſtand
What work's to night—I read your printed hand.
But, firſt refreſh a bit—for faith, I need it—
*I'll take one ſugar-plumb**—*and then I'll read it.*
* Takes ſome tobacco.
He reads the play-bill of Zara,
which was acted that evening.
At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—
will be preſen-ta-ted a Tragedy call'd—
S A R A H
I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may ſee
Her nameſake's Tragedy: and as for me,
I'll ſleep as ſound, as if I were at ſea.
To which will be added,
a new Maſque.

Zounds!

Zounds! why a Maſque? We ſailors hate grimaces:
Above board all, we ſcorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, ſo very large and plain?
BRI-TA-NIA—*oh* Britania!—*good again—*
Huzza, boys! by the Royal George *I ſwear,*
Tom *coxen, and the crew, ſhall ſtrait be there.*
All free-born ſouls muſt take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!
going off, he ſtops.
I wiſh you landmen tho, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And like us, honeſt tars, drink, fight, and ſing!
True to yourſelves, your Country, and your King!

BRITANNIA:

A

MASQUE.

THE SCENE,

On one hand a rocky coaſt; woods and fields on the other: the whole terminated by a view of the ocean.

BRITANNIA *is ſeen reclining againſt a cliff, in a penſive poſture: her helmet, ſhield and ſpear ſtrewed negligently on the ground. The face of the landſchape around cloudy and lowering. Soft and plaintive muſic.*

The general gloom is gradually diſperſed by a riſing light that ſpreads over and enlivens the whole ſcene.

Amidſt this blaze of glory, and while the muſic changes into gay and animating airs, appears the GENIUS *of* BRITAIN.

GENIUS.

RECITATIVO.

BRITANNIA! ſovereign queen of Iſles
Where freedom reigns, where plenty ſmiles;
Whence commerce ſpreads, with every gale,
For every ſhore, her boundleſs ſail ——

SONG.

SONG.

Awake! arise! nor longer wear
This downcaſt look, this doubtful air,
That cloud thy native charms.
Reſume the trident of the main;
Or, gaily-dreadful on the plain,
Shine out again in arms!

RECITATIVO.

Thoſe arms BRITANNIA beſt can wield,
When, foremoſt in the ſanguine field,
She bids the ſtorm of battle glow,
And pours it's thunder on her foe!

SONG.

Let not Punic arts amuſe thee;
Let not Punic oaths abuſe thee:
Graſp thy ſhield, and ſhake thy ſpear!
Should a faithleſs friend invade thee,
All—yes, all thy ſons ſhall aid thee:
What has BRITAIN *then to fear?*
What has BRITAIN *then to fear?*

BRITAN-

BRITANNIA. *rising.*

Oh would my jarring ſons unite,
To do their ſacred country right!
And in one filial league combine,
All intereſts to diſclaim but mine!

GENIUS.

RECITATIVO.

If ſenſe, if ſpirit are not flown,
They muſt in thy defence be ſhown.
Wherever courage dwells, or worth,
Occaſion now will call them forth.

BRITANNIA.

O come, and on thy ſpeeding wing,
Fair hour! thoſe happy moments bring.

SONG.

Th' inſpiring hope my boſom warms:
What can a world, a world in arms,
At ſea, on land, to me oppoſe,
When Britiſh boſoms, Britiſh hearts incloſe?

GENI-

GENIUS.

RECITATIVO.

Lo! where, deſcending from on high,
The radiant God of War draws nigh.

SCENE II.

BRITANNIA, GENIUS, MARS.

MARS *appears in air, in complete armor, and diſtinguiſhed by the red ſtar on his helmet. As his car approaches the ground, a full ſymphony of warlike muſic is heard.*

MARS.

RECITATIVO.

From yonder ſun-pav'd fields above,
Commiſſion'd by the nod of Jove,
Behold me, ſea-girt nymph, appear,
Thy hope to raiſe, thy heart to chear!

RECITATIVO.

The righteous ſword when Juſtice draws,
When Honor ſanctifies the cauſe,
Let BRITAIN then provoke the fight:
Heaven, that approves, will aid her right!

SONG.

SONG.

Let each ſofter note be dumb——
Let deep ſilence reign around—— *

* A full pauſe of all the inſtruments.

Then loudly wake the thundering drum!
Then ſwell the trumpet's nobleſt ſound!
Prolong, prolong
The magic ſong!
Raiſe high to heaven it's potent ſtrain!
Till martial heat
Conſenting beat
In every BRITON's *every vein!*

SCENE III.

As the drum beats, ſoldiers approach from different parts of the ſcene, and range themſelves: A recruiting ſerjeant at their head.

He ſings.

Adieu for a while to the town and it's trade;
Adieu to the meadow and rake:
Our country, my boys, calls aloud for our aid;
And ſhall we that country forſake!

II.

It never was known, that true hearts like our own
From hardſhips or hazards would flinch:
Let our foes then unite; we will ſhew them in fight,
What BRITONS *can do at a pinch.*

III.

A ſlave may he be, who will not agree
To join with his neighbours and ſing,
"That the Brave and the Free--ſuch, BRITONS, *are we--*
"Live but for their Country and King!"

BRITANNIA.

I with a parent's fondneſs view
My bold rough ſons revive in you.
To ſuch I dare my cauſe commend,
Born to revenge me, or defend.
Yes, each will act a BRITON's part:
The plaineſt is the trueſt heart.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

As this ſpeech ends, a TRITON *riſes above the waves and ſounds his ſhell.*

TRITON.

RECITATIVO.

Behold! the ſovereign of the ſea,
BRITANNIA's patron-deity,
Now riſing awful from the deep,
With her this feſtival to keep!
He leaves the pearly dome, the coral-ſhade,
To rouſe her ſpirit, and her arms to aid!

SONG.

Wide o'er this bright æreal ſcene,
Let only Zephir waave the wing:
And let all ocean be ſerene,
To honor her aſcending King.

SCENE V.

During this ſong, NEPTUNE'S *car, faſhioned like a ſhip, with the* BRITISH *lion in it's prow, and turned ſtoreward, ariſes ſlowly to view, attended by a train of Sea-Nymphs and Tritons.*

NEPTUNE.

RECITATIVO.

Hail! faireſt daughter of the ſea;
Imperial ſeat of liberty;
Indulgent nurſe of arms and arts,
Of cooleſt heads and warmeſt hearts;
Thy ſons for every worth renown'd,
With every charm thy daughters crown'd;
The land's great umpire, ocean's queen—
All this has fam'd BRITANNIA been:
And to this envy'd height, the Gods once more,
Leagu'd in her cauſe, their favorite would reſtore.

SONG.

Inſpire the vocal ſhell!
Let harmony explore
Her ſacred ſtore,
Through all it's moving, mazy ſwell,

For

For ſounds that warm
Exalt and charm
The ſoul untouch'd before!
Then roll their riſing flow from ecchoing ſhore to ſhore!

BRITANNIA.

Chief let their mighty power be ſhown
On thoſe I gladly call my own:

SONG.

Thoſe beſt ſons of BRITAIN, *bold, open, and brave,*
Who dare the loud tempeſt, and ſtem the rough wave.
Theirs is the ſound bottom, on which to rely;
And theirs the firm heart, that will conquer or dy!

SCENE VI.

At the ſound of a boatſwain's whiſtle, blown by one of the Tritons, a croud of ſailors ruſh in; a boatſwain at their head, ſinging,

Yes—ours is the bottom, on which to rely;
And—ours the ſound heart, that will conquer or dy.

[Theſe verſes are repeated by all the reſt in chorus.

BOATSWAIN sings.

'Tis our country that calls us: her voice we obey.
When she wants our aid; shall a sailor say nay?
With the foes of old ENGLAND *our Rulers may cope,*
While a sword we can brandish, or handle a rope:
For BRITAIN *shall find us, both body and soul,*
As true to her cause, as our steel to it's pole.

CHORUS.

*Yes—*BRITAIN *shall find us, both body and soul,*
As true to her cause, as our steel to it's pole.

SECOND SAILOR.

Dares the coxcomb in heart, dares the capering slave
Despise us plain fellows, whom freedom makes brave?
Huzza! gallant hearts: let the Triflers behold
Such ENGLISHMEN *now, as they fled from of old.*

CHORUS.

Huzza! gallant hearts: let the Triflers behold
Such ENGLISHMEN *now, as they ran from of old.*

THIRD SAILOR.

From the mistress we love, from the monarch we serve,
No distance, no danger shall e'er make us swerve.

Let

Let landmen delight in deceit and grimace,
Attempt at your throat, while they laugh in your face;
Too honeſt for art, and too gallant for guile,
We frown where we hate, as we love where we ſmile.

CHORUS.

Then—ours is the bottom, on which to rely;
And ours the ſound heart, that will conquer or dy!

SCENE VII.

The ſound of a tabor and pipe is heard at a diſtance:
NANCEY *and* SUKEY *come forward.*

BOATSWAIN.

RECITATIVO.

See where young Nan and Sue appear:
Away—or you are wind-bound here.
Ah let them not, my lads, come nigh:
Each carries witchcraft in her eye.

NANCEY ſings.

Hear me, gallant ſailor, hear me!
While your country has a foe,
He is mine too—Never fear me;
I may weep: but you ſhall go.

SU-

SUKEY ſings.

Tho this flowery ſeaſon wooes ye
To the gentler ſports of May,
And love ſighs, ſo long to loſe ye —
Honor calls: let Love obey.

FIRST SAILOR ſings.

Can the Sons of BRITAIN *fail her,*
While her Daughters are ſo true?
Your ſoft courage muſt avail her:
We love glory—loving you.

SECOND SAILOR ſings.

War and danger now invite us:
Blow, ye winds; for BRITAIN *blow!*
Every gale will moſt delight us,
That wafts us ſooneſt to the foe!

GENIUS.

Then, away from idle pleaſures:
You are bent on nobler meaſures,
And muſt now your worth approve.
Teach theſe peaceful ſhores to wonder,
At the cannon's mortal thunder:
'Tis the muſic BRITONS *love.*

CHO-

CHORUS.

Soon theſe peaceful ſhoree ſhall wonder,
At the cannon's mortal thunder:
'Tis the muſic BRITONS *love.*

SONG.

Teach theſe hills to reſound, and theſe vallies to ring,
Succeſs to your country, renown to your king!

ALL.

Theſe hills ſhall reſound, and theſe vallies ſhall ring,
Succeſs to our country, renown to our king!

Here a dance:
Which ended, BRITANNIA *ſpeaks.*

Go then: the call of glory each attend.
At home, abroad, your country's rights defend.
While this great aim, united, you purſue,
And BRITAIN is, to BRITAIN, nobly true,
Bear high your hopes to conqueſt and renown:
The cauſe, that heaven inſpires, ſucceſs ſhall crown!

THE END.

ERRATUM.

Page 120. line the last, for *found* read *round*.